POEMS,
AND
Tranſlations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.

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Advertiſement.

THE Author of the following Pieces muſt be excuſed for their being hudled out ſo confuſedly. They are Printed juſt as he finiſhed them off, and ſome things there are which he deſign'd not ever to expoſe, but was fain to do it, to keep the Preſs at work, when it was once ſet a going. If it be their Fate to periſh, and go the way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honor of Wiping firſt. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be ſo happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together; perhaps he may then think them worth the ſorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkiſh Dedication, if he can but get himſelf known to ſome Great Man, that

will give a good parcel of Guinneas for being handſomly flatter'd. Then likewiſe the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to ſee him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verſes in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and paſs it for Authentick. This at preſent is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated and Unpreface'd, without one kind Word to ſhelter it from Cenſure; and ſo let the Criticks take it amongſt them.

The

The EIGHTH

SATYR

OF

Monſieur *BOILEAU*,

Imitated.

Written in *October*, 1682.

The POET brings himſelf in, as diſcourſing with a Doctor of the Univerſity upon the Subject enſuing.

OF all the Creatures in the world that be,
Beaſt, Fiſh, or Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or fly
Throughout the Globe from *London* to *Japan*,
The arrant'ſt Fool in my opinion's MAN.
What? (ſtrait I'm taken up) *an Ant, a Fly,*
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly ſee

Without a Perſpective, a ſilly Aſs,
Or freakiſh Ape? Dare you affirm, that theſe
Have greater ſenſe than Man? Ay queſtionleſs.
Doctor, I find you're ſhock'd at this diſcourſe:
Man is (you cry) *Lord of the Univerſe;*
For him was this fair frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his uſe and aid:
To him alone of all the living kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning gift aſſign'd.
True Sir, that Reaſon ever was his lot,
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

This idle talk, (you ſay) *and rambling ſtuff*
May paſs in Satyr, and take well enough
With Sceptick Fools, who are diſpos'd to jeer
At ſerious things: but you muſt make't appear
By ſolid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't:
Take you the Desk, and let's diſpute it out.
Then by your favour, tell me firſt of all,
What 'tis, which you grave Doctors Wiſdom call?

You

You anſwer: *'Tis an evenneſs of Soul,*
A ſteddy temper, which no cares controul,
No paſſions ruffle, nor deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to its ſelf, and ſtill the ſame,
That does in all its ſlow Reſolves advance,
With graver ſteps, than Benchers, when they dance.
Moſt true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Leſs us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiſer Emmet, quoted juſt before,
In Summer time ranges the Fallows o'er
With pains, and labour, to lay in his ſtore;
But when the bluſt'ring North with ruffling blaſts
Saddens the year, and Nature overcaſts;
The prudent Inſect, hid in privacy,
Enjoys the fruits of his paſt induſtry.
No Ant of ſenſe was e'er ſo awkard ſeen,
To drudg in Winter, loiter in the Spring.

But fillier Man, in his miſtaken way,
By Reaſon, his falſe guide, is led aſtray:

Toſt by a thouſand guſts of wavering doubt,
His reſtleſs mind ſtill rolls from thought to thought:
In each reſolve unſteddy, and unfixt,
And what he one day loaths, deſires the next.
Shall I, ſo fam'd for many a tuant jeſt
On wiving, now go take a Jilt at laſt?
Shall I turn Husband, and my ſtation chooſe,
Amongſt the reverend Martyrs of the Nooſe!
No, there are fools enough beſides in Town,
To furniſh work for Satyr, and Lampoon:
Few months before cry'd the unthinking Sot;
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the knot,
Was quoted for an inſtance by the reſt,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the beſt;
And thought, that Heav'n from ſome miraculous ſide,
For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.
This is our image juſt: ſuch is that vain,
That fooliſh, fickle, motly Creature, Man:

More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
Ne'er wakes with the ſame thoughts, he went to bed.
Irkſome to all beſide, and ill at eaſe,
He neither others, nor himſelf can pleaſe:
Each minute round his whirling humors run,
Now he's a Trooper, and a Prieſt anon,
To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.
Yet, pleas'd with idle whimſies of his Brain,
And puft with pride, this haughty thing would fain
Be thought himſelf the only ſtay, and prop,
That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:
The Skies and Stars his properties muſt ſeem,
And turn-ſpit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
More abſolute, than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (ſay you) *that dares deny*
So own'd a truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controverſie here,
Whether, if met, the Paſſenger and Bear,
This or the other ſtands in greater fear.
Or, if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs
That all the *Iriſh* Wolves ſhould quit the place,
They'd ſtrait obey the Statutes high command,
And at a minutes warning rid the Land:
This boaſted Monarch of the world, that aws
The Creatures here, and with his beck gives laws;
This titular King, who thus pretends to be
The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
The luſt of Mony, and the luſt of Power,
With Love, and Hate, and twenty paſſions more,
Hold him their ſlave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has ſoft ſleep in ſilence clos'd his eyes,
Up! (ſtrait ſays Avarice) *'tis time to riſe.*
Not yet: one minute longer. *Up!* (ſhe cries)
Th'Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.
No matter: Riſe! But after all, for what?

D'ye aſk? cut the Line, *double the* Cape,
Traverſe from end to end the ſpacious deep:
Search both the Indies, Bantam, *and* Japan:
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, *Wines from* Spain.
What need all this? I've wealth enough in ſtore,
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
You cannot have too much, this point to gain,
You muſt no Crime, no Perjury refrain.
Hunger you muſt endure, Hardſhip, and Want,
Amidſt full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
And tho you've more than B—m *ſpent,*
Or C—n *got, like ſtingy* B—el *ſave,*
And grudg your ſelf the charges of a Grave,
And the ſmall Ranſom of a ſingle Groat,
From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.
And pray, why all this ſparing? *Don't you know?*
Only t'enrich a ſpendthrift Heir, or ſo:
Who ſhall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his gilt Coach and Six, amuſe the Town,

Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
More for a night, than you to fine for Sheriff.
But you loſe time; the Wind and Veſſel waits,
Quick, let's abroad! Hey for the Downs, *and* Streights.

Or, if all-powerful Mony fail of charms
To tempt the wretch, and puſh him on to harms:
With a ſtrong hand does fierce Ambition ſeize,
And drag him forth from ſoft repoſe and eaſe:
Amidſt ten thouſand dangers ſpurs him on,
With loſs of Blood and Limbs to hunt renown.
VVho for reward of many a wound and maim,
Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;
And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
To ſtand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold (cries one) *your paltry gibing wit,*
Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:
If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
Which through all Ages has been ever thought
The Hero's virtue, and chief excellence:

Pray,

Pray, what was Alexander *in your ſenſe?*

A fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the ſame:
A crack-brain'd Huff, that ſet the world on flame;
A Lunatick broke looſe, who in his fit
Fell foul on all, invaded all he met:
VVho, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,
Lack'd elbow-room and ſeem'd too cloſely pent.
VVhat madneſs was't, that, born to a fair Throne,
VVhere he might rule with Juſtice, and Renown,
Like a wild Robber, he ſhould chooſe to roam,
A pitied wretch, with neither houſe, nor home.
And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,
Through the wide world make his vaſt folly known?
Happy for ten good reaſons had it been,
If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
That there with Keepers under cloſe reſtraint
He might have been from frantick miſchief pent.
But that we mayn't in long digreſſions now
Diſcourſe all *Rainolds*, and the Paſſions through,

And

And ranging them in method ſtiff, and grave.
Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
Let's quit the preſent Topick of Diſpute,
For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
And take a view of Man in his beſt light,
Wherein he ſeems to moſt advantage ſet.

'Tis he alone, (you'll ſay) *'tis happy he,*
That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
He only dwells in Towns, is only ſeen
With Manners and Civility to ſhine;
Does only Magiſtrates, and Rulers chooſe,
And lives ſecur'd by Government, and Laws.

'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all theſe,
Without your boaſted Laws, and Policies,
Or fear of Judges, or of Juſtices;
Who ever ſaw the Wolves, that he can ſay,
Like more inhuman Us, ſo bent on prey,
To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
Who ever ſaw *Church* and *Fanatick* Bear,
Like ſavage Mankind one another tear?

What Tyger e'er, aſpiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
Or when was't heard upon the *Libyan* Plains,
Where the ſtern Monarch of the Deſart reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choice of Sheriffs and May'rs?
The fierceſt Creatures, we in Nature find,
Reſpect their figure ſtill in the ſame kind;
To others rough, to theſe they gentle be,
And live from Noiſe, from Feuds, from Actions free.
No Eagle does upon his Peerage ſue,
And ſtrive ſome meaner Eagle to undo:
No Fox was e'er ſuborn'd by ſpite, or hire,
Againſt his Brother Fox his life to ſwear:
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e'er the Stag into the Arches put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Caſe might ſtate,
VVhat makes in Law a carnal Job complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* VVrit,
To ſhake their ancient privilege and right:

No

No Courts of Seſſions, or Aſſize are there,
No *Common-Pleas*, *Kings Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar*:
But happier they, by Natures Charter free,
Secure, and ſafe in mutual peace agree,
And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worſt of Brutes,
Who firſt brought up the trade of cutting Throats,
Did Honor firſt, that barbarous term deviſe,
Unknown to all the gentle Savages;
And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from Hell,
Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,
Farther to plague the world, he muſt ingroſs
Huge Codes and bulky Pandects of the Laws,
With Doctors Gloſſes to perplex the Cauſe.
Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
Under vaſt Reams of non-ſenſe buried quite.
Gently, good Sir! (cry you) *why all this rant?*
Man has his freaks and paſſions; that we grant;
He has his frailties, and blind ſides; who doubts?
But his leaſt Virtues balance all his Faults.

Pray,

Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
That meaſur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to ſcan,
Whoſe boundleſs wit, with ſoaring wings durſt fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the Sky;
Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view
Each cranny ſearch'd, and lookt her through and through.

Which of the Brutes have Univerſities,
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
Or were Profeſſors of the Faculties?
By Law, or Phyſick were they ever known
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?

No, queſtionleſs; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates made,
By Patent to profeſs the pois'ning Trade:
No Doctors in the Desk there held diſpute
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
Liſten to hear the knotty Truth made out:
Nor Virtuoſo's teach deep myſteries
Of Arts for pumping Air, and ſmothering Flies

But not to urge the matter farther now,
Nor ſearch it to the depth, what 'tis to know,
And whether we know any thing or no:
Anſwer me only this, What man is there
In this vile thankleſs Age, wherein we are,
Who does by Senſe and Learning value bear?
Would'ſt thou get Honor, and a fair Eſtate,
And have the looks and favours of the Great?
Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
Take the right courſe, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:
How much is threeſcore Nobles? Twenty pound.
Well ſaid, my Son, the Anſwer's moſt profound:
Go, thou know'ſt all that's requiſite to know;
What Wealth on thee, what Honors haſte to flow!
In theſe high Sciences thy ſelf employ,
Inſtead of Plato, *take thy* Hodder, *Boy.*
Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
To what the Kings Revenue does amount:

How

How much the Cuſtoms and Exciſe bring in,
And what the Managers each year purloin.
Get a Caſe-harden'd Conſcience, Iriſh *proof,*
Which nought of pity, ſenſe, or ſhame can move:
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, *or* Jew,
Unjuſt, inhuman, treacherous, baſe, untrue;
Ne'r ſtick at wrong; hang Widows ſighs and tears,
The Cant of Prieſts to frighten Uſurers:
Boggle at nothing to encreaſe thy Store,
Not Orphans ſpoils, nor plunder of the Poor:
And ſcorning paltry rules of Honeſty,
By ſurer methods raiſe thy Fortune high.
When ſhoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Aſtrologers, and Lawyers,
Authors of every ſort, and every ſize,
To thee their Works, and Labors ſhall addreſs,
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek *and* Latin *tell*
Lies to thy face, that thou haſt deep inſight,
And art a mighty judg of what they write.

He that is rich, is every thing, that is,
Without one grain of Wiſdom he is wiſe,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, ſtout,
Well-born, well-bred, well-ſhap'd, well dreſt, what not?
Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
For none that e'er had Rickes found diſpair:
Gold to the loathſom'ſt object gives a grace,
And ſets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey *pleaſe:*
But tatter'd Poverty they all deſpiſe,
Love ſtands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a ſtanch Miſer to his hopeful Brat
Chalks out the way that leads to an Eſtate;
Whoſe knowledg oft with utmoſt ſtretch of Brain
No high'r than his vaſt ſecret can attain,
Five and four's nine, take two, and ſeven remain.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel *Scripture* with induſtrious pains:
On muſty *Fathers* waſt your fruitleſs hours,
Correct the Criticks, and Expoſitors:

Out-

Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in ſome vaſt *Tome*,
And there confound both *Bellarmin* and *Rome*;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned ſtore,
To find what Father *Simon* had paſt o'er:
Then at the laſt ſome bulky piece compile,
There lay out all your time, and pains and skill;
And when 'tis done and finiſh'd for the Preſs,
To ſome Great Name the mighty Work addreſs:
Who for a full reward of all your toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or ſmile:
Juſt recompence of life too vainly ſpent!
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,
Take the advice and counſel of a Friend;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to ſome gainful courſe your ſelf apply.
Go, practiſe with ſome Banker how to cheat,
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-ſtreet*.

Let *Scot* and *Ockham* wrangle as they pleaſe,
And thus in ſhort with me conclude the caſe,
A Doctor is no better than an Aſs.

A Doctor, Sir? your ſelf: Pray have a care,
This is to puſh your Raillery too far.
But not to loſe the time in triſling thus,
Beſide the point, come now more home and cloſe:
That Man has Reaſon is beyond debate,
Nor will your ſelf, I think, deny me that:
And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to ſteer,
His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here:

All this I grant: but if in ſpite of it
The wretch on every Rock he ſees will ſplit,
To what great purpoſe does his Reaſon ſerve,
But to miſ-guide his courſe, and make him ſwerve?
What boots it *H.* when it ſays, *Give o'er*
Thy ſcribling itch, and play the fool no more,
If her vain counſels, purpos'd to reclaim,
Only avail to harden him in ſhame?

Lampoon'd, and hiſs'd, and damn'd the thouſandth time,
Still he writes on, is obſtinate in Rhime:
His Verſe, which he does every where recite,
Put all his Neighbors, and his Friends to flight;
Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haſte away,
Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to ſtay.
The Aſs, whom Nature Reaſon has deny'd,
Content with Inſtinct for his ſurer guide,
Still follows that, and wiſelier does proceed:
He ne'er aſpires with his harſh braying Note,
The Songſters of the Wood to challenge out:
Nor, like this awkard ſmatterer in Arts,
Sets up himſelf for a vain Aſs of parts;
Of Reaſon void, he ſees, and gains his end,
While Man, who does to that falſe light pretend,
VVildly gropes on, and in broad day is blind.
By whimſie led he does all thing by chance,
And acts in each againſt all common ſenſe.

VVith every thing pleas'd, and diſpleas'd at once,
He knows not what he ſeeks, nor what he ſhuns:
Unable to diſtinguiſh good, or bad,
For nothing he is gay, for nothing ſad:
At randam loves, and loaths, avoids, purſues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
Did we, like him, e'er ſee the Dog, or Bear,
Chimera's of their own deviſing fear?
Frame needleſs doubts, and for thoſe doubts forgo
The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to?
And with their Pleaſures awkardly at ſtrife,
With ſcaring Fantoms pall the ſweets of Life?
Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man ſee Beaſt
So much below himſelf, and ſenſe debas'd,
To worſhip Man with ſuperſtitious Fear,
And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?
Was he e'er ſeen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice
Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,
To beg for Rain, or Sun-ſhine on his knees?

No

No never: but a thouſand times has Beaſt,
Seen Man, beneath the meaneſt Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanſhip adore:
In *Egypt* oft has ſeen the Sot bow down,
And reverence ſome deified Baboon:
Has often ſeen him on the Banks of *Nile*
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile:
And now each day in every ſtreet abroad
Sees proſtrate Fools adore a breaden God.

But why (ſay you) *theſe ſpiteful Inſtances*
Of Egypt, *and its groſs Idolatries?*
Of Rome, *and her as much ridiculous?*
What are theſe lewd Buffooneries to us?
How gather you from ſuch wild proofs as theſe,
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Aſs?
An Aſs! that heavy, ſtupid, lumpiſh Beaſt,
The Sport, and mocking-ſtock of all the reſt?
Whom they all ſpurn, and whom they all deſpiſe,
Whoſe very name all Satyr does comprize?

An

An Aſs, Sir? Yes: Pray what ſhould make us laugh?

Now he unjuſtly is our jeer, and ſcoff.
But, if one day he ſhould occaſion find
Upon our Follies to expreſs his mind;
If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,
By miracle ſhould give him Speech again;
What would he ſay, d'ye think, could he ſpeak out,
Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?
What would he ſay, were he condemn'd to ſtand
For one long hour in *Fleet-ſtreet*, or the *Strand*,
To caſt his eyes upon the motly throng,
The two-leg'd Herd, that daily paſs along;
To ſee their old Diſguiſes, Furs and Gowns,
Their Caſſocks, Cloaks, Lawn ſleeves, and Pantaloons?
What would he ſay to ſee a Velvet Quack
Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the Crowd?

What

What would he think on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry ſurvey?
Or view the Judges, and their ſolemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?
What would he think of us, ſhould he appear
In Term amongſt the crowds at *Weſtminſter*,
And there the helliſh din, and Jargon hear,
Where J. and his pack with deep-mouth'd Notes
Drown *Billingſgate*, and all its Oyſter-Boats?
There ſee the Judges, Sergeants, Barriſters,
Attorneys, Counſellors, Sollicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched Man at his own charge undo?
If after proſpect of all this, the Aſs
Should find the voice he had in *Eſop*'s days;
Then, Doctor, then, caſting his eyes around
On human Fools, which every where abound.

Content with Thiſtles, from all envy free,
And ſhaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beaſt as much as we.

THE

THE Thirteenth SATYR OF *JUVENAL*, IMITATED.

Written in *April*, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concerned for the loſs of a conſiderable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a Perſon, to whom he intruſted the ſame. This he does by ſhewing, that nothing comes to paſs in the world without divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they ſeem to eſcape its Puniſhments here) yet ſuffer abundantly in the torments of an evil Conſcience. And by the way takes occaſion to laſh the Degeneracy, and Villany of the preſent Times.

THere is not one baſe Act, which Men commit,
But carries this ill ſting along with it,
That to the Author it creates regret :

And

And this is ſome Revenge at leaſt, that he
Can ne'er acquit himſelf of Villany,
Tho a brib'd Judg and Jury ſet him free.
All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but juſt)
Your faithleſs Friend, who lately broke his Truſt,
And curſe the treacherous Deed: But, thanks to Fate,
That has not bleſs'd you with ſo ſmall Eſtate,
But that with patience you may bear the Croſs,
And need not ſink under ſo mean a Loſs.
Beſides your Caſe for leſs concern does call,
Becauſe 'tis what does uſually befal:
Ten thouſand ſuch might be alledg'd with eaſe,
Out of the common crowd of Inſtances.
Then ceaſe for ſhame, immoderate regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Senſe forget:
'Tis womaniſh, and ſilly to lay forth
More coſt in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.
You ſcarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
It goes ſo deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:

And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Becauſe a Friend (forſooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this ſo much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy*'s days?
And are not you at length yet wiſer grown,
When threeſcore *winters* on your head have ſhown?
Almighty Wiſdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholſom Advice to all, that follow it:
And thoſe, that will not its great Counſels hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain ſtrugling) Fortunes yoke, and how
They ought her rudeſt ſhocks to undergo.
There's not a day ſo ſolemn thro' the year,
Not one red Letter in the Kalender,
But we of ſome new Crime diſcover'd hear.
Theft, Murder, Treaſon, Perjury, what not?
Money by Cheating, Padding, Pois'ning got.
Nor is it ſtrange; ſo few are now the Good,
That fewer ſcarce were left at *Noah*'s Flood:

Should *Sodom*'s Angel here in Fire deſcend,
Our Nation wants ten Men to ſave the Land.
Fate has reſerv'd us for the very Lees
Of Time, where Ill admits of no degrees:
An Age ſo bald old Poets ne'er could frame,
Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
This your experience knows, and yet for all
On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,
Louder than on Queen *Beſs*'s day the Rout
For *Antichriſt* burnt in Effigie ſhout:
But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy
In ſtolen Goods? For God's ſake don't you ſee
How they all laugh at your ſimplicity,
When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty names,
Exploded now for idle thredbare ſhams,
Devis'd by Prieſts, and by none elſe believ'd,
E'er ſince great *Hobbs* the world has undeceiv'd?

This

This might have paſt with the plain ſimple Race
Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur*'s days:
E'er mingling with corrupted foreign Seed,
We learnt their Vice, and ſpoil'd our native Breed.
E'er yet bleſs'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
With her firſt Innocence reſign'd her Name.
Fair dealing then, and downright Honeſty,
And plighted Faith were good Security:
No vaſt Ingroſſments for Eſtates were made,
Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:
To bind a Truſt there lack'd no formal ties
Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witneſſes,
Nor ready Coin, but ſterling Promiſes:
Each took the other's word, and that would go
For currant then, and more than Oaths do now:
None had recourſe to *Chanc'ry* for defence,
Where you forego your Right with leſs Expence:
Nor traps were yet ſet up for Perjurers,
That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.

Then

Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
Scarce in a Centrury did one appear,
And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing Star.
If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
In high reſpect to every Beard he met,
Tho a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
That ſcarce deſerv'd its Clergy in that time:
So venerable then was four years odds,
And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.
Now if a Friend once in an Age prove juſt,
If he miraculouſly keep his Truſt,
And without force of Law deliver all
That's due, both Intereſt, and Principal;
Prodigious wonder! fit for *Stow* to tell,
And ſtand recorded in the Chronicle;
A thing leſs memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.
A Man of Faith and Uprightneſs is grown
So ſtrange a Creature both in Court and Town,
That he with Elephants may well be ſhown.

A Monſter, more uncommon than a Whale
At *Bridg*, the laſt great Comet, or the Hail,
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or ſhould he run
With Streams of Milk, or Blood to *Graveſend* down.
You're troubled that you've loſt five hundred pound
By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,
Has loſt a thouſand: and another yet,
Double to that; perhaps his whole Eſtate.
Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
If they but 'ſcape the knowledge of Mankind:
Obſerve, with how demure, and grave a look
The Raſcal lays his hand upon the Book:
Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
Claps on his Lips, and Seals the Perjury:
If you perſiſt his Innocence to doubt,
And boggle in Belief; he'll ſtrait rap out
Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheiſts ſtart, and trembling Bullies quake;

And more than would a whole Ships Crew maintain
To the *Eaſt-Indies* hence, and back again.
As God ſhall pardon me, Sir, I am free
Of what you charge me with; let me ne'er ſee
His Face in Heaven elſe: may theſe hands rot,
Theſe eyes drop out; if I e'er had a Groat
Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or ſaw't.
Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he
Spin out a Curſe long as the Litany:
Till Heav'n has ſcarce a Judgment left in ſtore
For him to wiſh, deſerve, or ſuffer more.
There are, who diſavow all Providence,
And think the world is only ſteer'd by chance:
Make God at beſt an idle looker on,
A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne:
VVho his Affairs does neither mind, nor know,
But leaves them all at random here below:
And ſuch at every foot themſelves will damn,
And Oaths no more than common Breath eſteem:

No ſhame, nor loſs of Ears can frighten theſe,
Were every Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to enſue, and yet forſwear:
Thus to himſelf, ſays one, *Let Heaven decree*
What doom ſoe'er, its pleaſure will, of me:
Strike me with Blindneſs, Palſies, Leproſies,
Plague, Pox, Conſumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles; ſo I get my Prize
And hold it ſure; I'll ſuffer theſe, and more;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the ſtreets
(Unleſs he with his Limbs has loſt his Wits,
And is grown fit for Bedlam) *but no doubt,*
To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Gout.
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
The heavieſt things move ſlowlieſt ſtill we know:
And, if it puniſh all, that guilty be,
'Twill be an Age before it comes to me:

God

God too is merciful, as well as juſt;
Therefore I'll rather his forgiveneſs truſt,
Than live deſpis'd, and poor, as thus I muſt:
I'll try, and hope he's more a Gentleman
Than for ſuch trivial things as theſe, to damn.
Beſides, for the ſame Fact, we've often known
One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:
And foulеſt Deeds, attended with ſucceſs,
No longer are reputed wickedneſs,
Diſguis'd with Virtues Livery, and Dreſs.

With theſe weak Arguments they fortifie,
And harden up themſelves in Villany:
The Raſcal now dares call you to account,
And in what Court you pleaſe, joyn iſſue on't:
Next Term he'll bring the Action to be try'd,
And twenty Witneſſes to ſwear on's ſide:
And, if that Juſtice to his Cauſe be found,
Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
For Innocent ſhall with the Rabble paſs:

VVhile you, with Impudence, and ſham run down,
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
Louder than J—— at the Bar does bawl:
Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore?
And on our bended knees his aid implore?
Where is his Rule, if no reſpect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?
And who henceforth will any credit ſhow
To what his lying Prieſts teach here below?
If this be Providence; for ought I ſee,
Bleſs'd Saint, Vaninus! *I ſhall follow thee:*
Little's the odds 'twixt ſuch a God, and that,
Which Atheiſt Lewis *us'd to wear in's Hat.*

Thus you blaſpheme, and rave: But pray, Sir, try
VVhat Comforts my weak Reaſon can apply,
VVho never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly ſaw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.

In

In caſes dangerous and hard of cure
VVe have recourſe to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:
But if they don't ſo deſperate appear,
VVe truſt to meaner Doctors skill, and care.
If there were never in the world before
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
A God's name then let both your ſluces flow,
And all the extravagance of ſorrow ſhow;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful Breaſt,
As if your deareſt Firſt-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
Departed Moneys than departed Friends:
None ever counterfeits upon this ſcore,
Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor
VVill ſerve alone to make the eyes run o'er.
Loſt Moneys griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
More true, than ſorrow of expecting Heirs
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here
The Back, and Hands no pompous Mourning wear.

But if the like complaints be daily found
At *Weſtminſter*, and in all Courts abound;
If Bonds and Obligations can't prevail,
But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree
Of their dead Anceſtors to vouch the Lye:
If *Temple-Walks*, or *Smithfield* never fail
Of plying Rogues, that ſet their Souls to ſale
To the firſt Paſſenger that bids a price,
And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
For God's ſake why are you ſo delicate,
And think it hard to ſhare the common Fate?
And why muſt you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates caſt out?

The wrong you bear is hardly worth regard,
Much leſs your Juſt reſentment, if compar'd
With greater out-rages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:

Com-

Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
Or Houſes fire, of late a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Aſhes laid:
Compare the ſacrilegious Burglary,
From which no place can Sanctuary be,
That rifles Churches of Communion-Plate,
Which good King *Edward*'s days did dedicate:
Think, who durſt ſteal S. *Alban*'s Font of Braſs,
That Chriſten'd half the Royal *Scotiſh* Race:
Who ſtole the Chalices at *Chicheſter*,
In which themſelves receiv'd the day before:
Or that bold daring Hand, of freſh Renown,
Who ſcorning common Booty, ſtole a Crown:
Compare too, if you pleaſe, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for theſe laſt three years;
Add to it *Thinn*'s and *Godfrey*'s Murderers:
And if theſe ſeem but ſlight and trivial things,
Add thoſe, that have, and would have murder'd Kings.

And

And yet how little's this of Villany
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Human Kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.
None wonder, who in *Eſſex* Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Iſland, to have Agues rife:
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and ſhort flat Noſes ſaw:
Becauſe 'tis ſo by Nature of each place;
And therefore there for no ſtrange things they paſs,
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to ſee a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) ſweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a ſhow,
And ſerve for entertain at *Bartholomew*:
Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:

Then

Then, why, ſond Man, ſhould you ſo much admire,
Since Knave is of our growth, and common here?
But muſt ſuch Perjury eſcape (ſay you)
And ſhall it ever thus unpuniſh'd go?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jayl this very hour,
To ſtarve, and rot; ſuppoſe it in your Pow'r
To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you pleaſe;
(And what would your Revenge it ſelf have more?)
Yet this, all this would not your Caſh reſtore:
And where would be the comfort, where the good,
If you could waſh your Hands in's reaking Blood?
But, Oh, Revenge more ſweet than Life! 'Tis true,
So the unthinking ſay, and the mad Crew
Of heſt'ring Blades, who for ſlight cauſe, or none,
At every turn are into Paſſion blown:
Whom the leaſt Trifles with Revenge inſpire,
And at each ſpark, like Gunpowder, take fire:
Theſe unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,
For being ſo ſawcy, as to walk the ſtreet;

And

And at the ſummons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damme! Satisfaction!* draw, and ſtab.
Not ſo of old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who ſhew'd how high without the help of Grace,
Well cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble way of ſuff'ring taught,
And, tho the Guiltleſs drank the poiſonous Doſe
Ne'er wiſh'd a drop to his accuſing Foes.
Not ſo our great good *Martyr'd King* of late
(Could we his bleſs'd Example imitate)
Who, tho the great'ſt of mortal ſufferers,
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and bleſs'd them with his dying Pray'rs.
Thus, we by ſound Divinity and Senſe
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors thence:
Theſe lead us into right, nor ſhall we need
Other than them thro Life to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd, and ſickly minds, the poor Content

Of little Souls, unable to ſurmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:
And this you may infer, becauſe we find,
'Tis moſt in poor unthinking Woman-kind;
Who wreak their feeble ſpite on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute than braver Man.

But why ſhould you imagin, Sir, that thoſe
Eſcape unpuniſh'd, who ſtill feel the Throes
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worſe
Than all the Pains which can the Body curſe)
The ſecret gnawings of unſeen Remorſe?
Believ't, they ſuffer greater Puniſhment
Than *Rome*'s Inquiſitors could e'er invent:
Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
Which ancient Perſecutors could deviſe,
Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloody Records tell,
Can match what *Bradſhaw* and *Ravilliac* feel,
Who in their Breaſts carry about their Hell.

I've read this Story, but I know not where,
Whether in *Hackwel*, or *Beard*'s Theatre:

A certain Spartan, *whom a Friend, like you,*
Had truſted with a Hundred pound or two;
Went to the Oracle to know if he
With ſafety might the Sum in truſt deny.
'Twas anſwer'd, No, that if he durſt forſwear,
He would e're long for's knavery pay dear:
Hence Fear, not Honeſty, made him refund;
Yet to his coſt the Sentence true he found:
Himſelf, his Children, all his Family,
Ev'n the remoteſt of his whole Pedigree,
Periſh'd (as there 'tis told) *in miſery.*
Now to apply: if ſuch be the ſad end
Of Perjury, tho but in Thought deſign'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous Friend,
Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more; think, what he ſuffers now,
And think, what every Villain ſuffers elſe,
That dares, like him, be faithleſs, baſe, and falſe.

Pale Horror, ghaſtly Fear, and black Deſpair,
Purſue his ſteps, and dog him whereſoe'er
He goes, and if from his loath'd ſelf he fly,
To herd, like wounded Deer, in company,
Theſe ſtrait creep in and pall his mirth, and joy.
The choiceſt Dainties, ev'n by *Lumly* dreſt,
Afford no Reliſh to his ſickly Taſt,
Inſipid all, as *Damocles* his Feaſt.
Ev'n Wine, the greateſt bleſſing of Mankind,
The beſt ſupport of the dejected mind,
Applied to his dull ſpirits, warms no more
Than to his Corps it could paſt Life reſtore.
Darkneſs he fears, nor dares he truſt his Bed
Without a Candle watching by his ſide:
And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breaſt
To his toſs'd Limbs allow one moments Reſt,
Straitways the groans of Ghoſts, and hideous Screams
Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:

Strait there return to his tormented mind
His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
Strait he imagins you before his Eyes,
Ghaſtly of ſhape, prodigious of ſize,
With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monſtrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Guild-Hall*;
Stalking with horrid ſtrides acroſs the Room,
And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom:
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members ſeize:
Then ſtarting wakes, and with a diſmal cry,
Calls to his aid his frighted Family;
There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The ſacred Pledg next morning to releaſe.
Theſe are the Men, whom the leaſt Terrors daunt,
Who at the ſight of their own ſhadows faint;
Theſe, if it chance to Lighten, are agaſt,
And quake for fear, leſt every Flaſh ſhould blaſt:

Theſe ſwoon away at the firſt Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what uſually does hap,
The caſual cracking of a Cloud, but ſent
By angry Heaven for their Puniſhment:
And, if unhurt they ſcape the Tempeſt now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to enſue:
Theſe the leaſt Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of reſt at night,
Or a diſorder'd Pulſe ſtrait makes them ſhrink,
And preſently for fear they're ready ſink
Into their Graves: their time (think they) is come,
And Heav'n in judgment now has ſent their Doom.
Nor dare they, tho in whiſper, waft a Pray'r,
Leſt it by chance ſhould reach th' Almighty's ear,
And wake his ſleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.
Theſe are the thoughts which guilty wretches haunt,
Yet enter'd, they ſtill grow more impudent:

After a Crime perhaps they now and then
Feel pangs and ſtrugglings of Remorſe within,
But ſtrait return to their old courſe agen:
They, who have once thrown Shame and Conſcience by,
Ne'er after make a ſtop in Villany:
Hurried along, down the vaſt ſteep they go,
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt
Will not with ſingle wickedneſs give out;
Have patience but a while, you'll ſhortly ſee
His hand held up at Bar for Felony:
You'll ſee the ſentenc'd wretch for Puniſhment
To *Scilly* Iſles, or the *Caribbes* ſent:
Or (if I may his ſurer Fate divine)
Hung like *Boroski*, for a Gibbet Sign:
Then may you glut Revenge, and feaſt your Eyes
With the dear object of his Miſeries:
And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll find,
That the juſt God is neither deaf nor blind.

DAVID's

DAVID's Lamentation

For the DEATH of

SAUL and *JONATHAN*,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Written in *September*, 1677.

ODE.

I.

AH wretched *Iſrael!* once bleſt and happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heaven's Care,
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vaſſals were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear.
How ſoon art thou (alas!) by the ſad turn of Fate
Become abandon'd and forlorn?
How art thou now become their Pity, and their Scorn?

Thy Luſtre all is vaniſh'd, all thy Glory fled,
Thy Sun himſelf ſet in a blood-red,
Too ſure Prognoſtick! which does ill portend
Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,
Left naked, and defenceleſs now to each invading Hand.
A fatal Battel, lately fought,
Has all theſe Mis'ries and Misfortunes brought,
Has thy quick Ruin and Deſtruction wrought:
There fell we by a mighty Overthrow
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentleſs Foe,
The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,
Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die:
Vaſt ſlaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain ſwells,
And numerous Deaths increaſe its former Hills.

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known
Nor publiſh'd in the ſtreets of *Askalon*;
May Fame it ſelf be quite ſtruck dumb!

Oh

Oh may it never to *Philiſtia* come,
Nor any live to bear the curſed Tydings home!
Leſt the proud Enemies new Trophies raiſe,
And loudly triumph in our freſh Diſgrace:
No captive *Iſraelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
Nor in ſad Bondage his loſt Country mourn:
No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
No Hymns to *Aſhdod*'s Idol ſung,
Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
Kind Heav'n forbid! leſt the baſe Heathen Slaves blaſpheme
Thy ſacred and unutterable Name,
And above thine extol their *Dagon*'s Fame.
Leſt the vile *Fiſh*'s Worſhip ſpread abroad,
Who fell a proſtrate Victim once before our conqu'ring God:
And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and Kingdoms write,
Who all their Actions to ſucceeding Age tranſmit,
Conceal the bluſhing Story, ah! conceal
Our Nations loſs, and our dread Monarch's fall:

Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,
When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown away:
Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Forune's Crime
Be ever mention'd in the Regiſters of future Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curſt thy hated Name,
Th' eternal Monument of our Diſgrace and Shame!
For ever curſt be that unhappy Scene,
Where Slaughter, Blood and Death did lately reign!
No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top appear,
But what may make thee mourning wear:
Let them ne'er ſhake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a year
On the ſad Anniverſe drop a remembring Tear:
No Flocks of Offrings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine attone:

Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereafter ſtay
On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beaſts of prey,
Or men more ſavage, wild and fierce than they;
A Deſart may'ſt thou prove, and lonely waſt,
Like that, our ſinful, ſtubborn Fathers paſt,
Where they the Penance trod for all, they there tranſgreſt:
Too dearly waſt thou drench'd with precious Blood
Of many a *Jewiſh* Worthy, ſpilt of late,
Who ſuffer'd there by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul diſhonour at too high a rate:
Great *Saul*'s ran there amongſt the common Flood,
His Royal ſelf mixt with the baſer Crowd:
He, whom Heav'ns high and open ſuffrage choſe,
The Bulwark of our Nation, to oppoſe
The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;
Ev'n He, on whom the ſacred Oyl was ſhed,
Whoſe myſtick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head

Lies now (oh Fate, impartial ſtill to Kings!)
Huddled, and undiſtinguiſh'd in the heap of meaner things.

IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,
With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,
To ravenous Fowls, or worſe, to his proud Foes, a Prize:
How chang'd from that great *Saul!* whoſe generous Aid,
A conqu'ring Army to diſtreſſed *Jabeſh* led,
At whoſe approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled:
How chang'd from that great *Saul!* whom we ſaw bring
From vanquiſh'd *Amalek* their captive Spoils, and King;
When unbid Pity made him *Agag* ſpare:
Ah Pity! more than Cruelty found guilty there:
Oft has he made theſe conquer'd Enemies bow,
By whom himſelf lies conquer'd now:
At *Micmaſh* his great Might they felt, and knew,
The ſame they felt at *Dammin* too:

Well

Well I remember, when from *Helab*'s Plain
He came in triumph, met by a numerous Crowd,
Who with glad ſhouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud;
A dance of beauteous Virgins led the ſolemn Train,
And ſung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thouſands ſlain.*
Seir, *Moab*, *Zobah* felt him, and where-e'er
He did his glorious Standards bear,
Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the rere:
Succeſs attended ſtill his brandiſh'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade devour'd:
Slaughter upon its point in triumph ſate,
And ſcatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor leſs in high Repute and Worth was his great Son,
Sole Heir of all his Valour and Renown,
Heir too (if cruel Fate had ſuffer'd) of his Throne:

The

The matchleſs *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud tongu'd Fame
Amongſt her chiefeſt Heroes joys to name,
E'er ſince the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneh* done,
Where he, himſelf and Hoſt, o'ercame a War alone;
The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fix'd amazement ſtopt, and made them die.
Great Archer He! to whom our dreaded skill we owe,
Dreaded by all, who *Iſrael*'s warlike Proweſs know;
As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, ſo many kill'd:
Quick and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams flew,
As if he gave 'em ſight and ſwiftneſs too.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows threw.

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally ally'd
On Nature, and on Valour's ſide:

Great

Great *Saul*, who ſcorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,
By him endur'd to be ſurpaſs'd alone:
He gallant Prince, did his whole Father ſhew,
And faſt, as he could ſet, the well-writ Copies drew,
And bluſh'd, that Duty bid him not out-go:
Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,
Together hunted in the noble Chace,
Together finiſh'd their united Race:
There only did they prove unfortunate,
Never till then unbleſs'd by Fate,
Yet there they ceas'd not to be great;
Fearleſs they met, and brav'd their threaten'd fall,
And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune durſt rebel.
When publick ſafety, and their Countries care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils of War;

As Parent-Eagles, ſummon'd by their Infants cries,
Whom ſome rude hands would make a Prize,
Haſt to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their eyes;
So ſwift did they their ſpeedy ſuccour bear,
So ſwift the bold Aggreſſors ſeize,
So ſwift attack, ſo ſwift purſue the vanquiſh'd enemies:
The vanquiſh'd enemies with all the wings of Fear
Mov'd not ſo quick as they:
Scarce could their ſouls fly faſt enough away,
Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
Thro Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Harveſts ſet,
Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their generous Heat:
Like thoſe, they march'd undaunted, and like thoſe,
Secure of Wounds, and all that durſt oppoſe,
So to Reſiſters fierce, ſo gentle to their proſtrate Foes.

VII. Mourn,

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Iſrael*, mourn thy Monarch's fall,
And all thy plenteous ſtock of ſorrow call,
T' attend his pompous Funeral:
Mourn each, who in this loſs an int'reſt ſhares,
Laviſh your Grief, exhauſt it all in Tears:
You *Hebrew* Virgins too,
Who once in lofty ſtrains did his glad Triumphs ſing,
Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Meaſures now,
Each charming air of Breath, and String,
Bring all to grace the Obſequies of your dead King,
And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow flow.
Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,
Who you with Natures choiceſt Dainties fed,
Who you with Natures gayeſt Wardrobe clad,
By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleaſures had:

For

For you the precious Worm his Bowels ſpun,
For you the *Tyrian* Fiſh did Purple run,
For you the bleſt *Arabia's* Spices grew,
And *Eaſtern* Quarries harden'd Pearly dew;
The Sun himſelf turn'd Labourer for you:
For you he hatch'd his golden Birth alone,
Wherewith you are array'd, whereby you him out-ſhone,
All this and more you did to *Saul's* great Conduct owe,
All this you loſt in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death! how vaſt an Harveſt haſt thou reap'd of late!
Never before hadſt thou ſo great,
Ne'er drunk'ſt before ſo deep of *Jewiſh* Blood,
Ne'er ſince th' embattled Hoſts at *Gibeah* ſtood;
When three whole days took up the work of Fate,
When a large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,
And threeſcore thouſand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon

Upon the fatal Mountains Head,
Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:
There my beloved *Jonathan* was ſlain,
The beſt of Princes, and the beſt of Men;
Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely Froſt,
On early Fruit, there ſits, and ſmiles a ſullen Boaſt;
And yet looks pale at the great Captive ſhe has ta'en.
My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!
Oh grief! that I can ſpeak't, and not become the ſame!)
He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes are gone,
And many a wonder, which he muſt have done;
And many a Conqueſt which he muſt have won,
They're all to the dark Grave, and ſilence fled,
And never now in ſtory ſhall be read;
And never now ſhall take their date,
Snatch'd hence by the preventing hand of envious Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dy'd!
Ah, would I had thy fatal place ſupply'd!
I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
Repaid a Crown, which Friendſhip taught thee to forgo:
Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
For ſure we had the ſame, 'twas very thine.
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wiſh, or think, or name:
Brother thou waſt, but waſt my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:
Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Natures ſelf could make,
Than I, or Fame it ſelf can ſpeak:
Not yearning Mothers, when firſt Throes they feel
To their young Babes in looks a ſofter Paſſion tell:

Not

Not artleſs undiſſembling Maids expreſs
In their laſt dying ſighs ſuch tenderneſs:
Not thy fair Siſter, whom ſtrict Duty bids me wear
First in my Breaſt, whom holy Vows make mine,
Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wife ſhe bear,
Could boaſt an Union ſo near,
Could boaſt a Love ſo firm, ſo laſting, ſo Divine.
So pure is that which we in Angels find
To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:
So pure, but not more great muſt that bleſt Friendſhip prove
(Could, ah, could I to that wiſht Place, and Thee remove)
Which ſhall for ever joyn our mingled Souls above.

X.

Ah wretched *Iſrael!* ah unhappy ſtate!
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful hate!
Who is there left their Fury to withſtand?
What Champions now to guard thy helpleſs Land?

Who is there left in liſted Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory;
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too:
Lo! how the Glut and Riot of the Grave thus lie,
And none ſurvive the fatal Overthrow,
To rights their injur'd Ghoſts upon the barbarous Foe!
Reſt, ye bleſs'd ſhades, in everlaſting Peace,
Who fell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e'er long ſome Avenger riſe
To wipe off Heav'ns and your Diſgrace:
May they theſe proud inſulting Foes
Waſh off our ſtains of Honour with their Blood.
May they ten thouſand-fold repay our loſs;
For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

THE

THE ODE OF *Ariſtotle* in *Athenæus*, PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

HOnour! thou greateſt Bleſſing in the gift of Heaven,
Which only art to its chief Darlings given:
Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou ſought,
Nor canſt at any rate be over-bought.
Thou, ſhining Honor, art the nobleſt chaſe
Of all the braver part of Human Race.

Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.
For thee, bright Goddeſs, for thy charming ſake,
Does *Greece* ſuch wond'rous Actions undertake:
For thee no Toils, nor Hardſhips ſhe foregoes,
And Death amidſt ten thouſand ghaſtly Terrors wooes.
So powerfully doſt thou the mind inſpire,
And kindleſt there ſo generous a fire,
As makes thy zealous Votaries
All things, but Thee deſpiſe;
Makes them the love of Thee prefer
Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,
Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,
Before ſoft eaſe, and Love's enticing Charms,
And all, that Men on Earth moſt valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*
And *Leda*'s faithful Twins, in Birth no leſs,

So

So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high Deſcent.
By thee they reach'd the bleſt Abode,
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths they trod.
By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:
Envied by the Immortals did they go,
Laden with triumph to the ſhades below,
For thee, and thy dear ſake
Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Atarna* lately ſtake
His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,
And bravely loſt, what he ſo boldly ſet:
Yet loſt he not his glorious aim,
But by ſhort death purchas'd eternal Fame:
The grateful Muſes ſhall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die:
They ſhall his great Exploits rehearſe,
And conſecrate the Hero in immortal Verſe.

Upon the Works of *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Written in 1678.

ODE.

I.

GReat Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almoſt to dare to praiſe,
Whoſe firm eſtabliſh'd, and unſhaken Glories ſtand,
And proudly their own Fame command,
Above our pow'r to leſſen or to raiſe,
And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and thy Bays;
Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for ſo I dare
Entitle thee, nor any modern Cenſures fear,

Nor

Nor care what thy unjuſt Detractors ſay;
They'll ſay perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the firſt Foundations lay,
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin:
But thou alone could'ſt finiſh the deſign,
All the fair Model, and the Workmanſhip was thine:
Some bold Advent'rers might have been before,
Who durſt the unknown world explore;
By them it was ſurvey'd at diſtant view,
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
Which only ſerv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
Who waſt reſerv'd to make the full diſcovery:
Art's Compaſs to thy painful ſearch we owe,
Whereby thou went'ſt ſo far, and we may after go,
By that we may Wit's vaſt, and trackleſs Ocean try,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coaſt along the ſhore,
But ſteer a courſe more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity.

II.

Never till thee the Theater poſſeſt
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatneſs bleſt,
No Government, or Laws it had
To ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh it,
Till thy great hand the Scepter ſway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Unform'd, and void was then its Poeſie,
Only ſome pre-exiſting Matter we
Perhaps could ſee,
That might foretel what was to be;
A rude, and undigeſted Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and Day,
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
And undertook the mighty Frame;
No ſhuffled Atoms did the well-built work compoſe
It from no lucky hit of blun'dring Chance aroſe
(As ſome of this great Fabrick idly dream)

But

But wiſe, all-ſeeing Judgment did contrive,
And knowing Art its Graces give:
No ſooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
The dull and heavy Maſs inſpire,
But ſtrait throughout it let us ſee
Proportion, Order, Harmony,
And every part did to the whole agree,
And ſtrait appear'd a beauteous new-made world of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
(Thoſe only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
The meer Fanaticks, and Enthuſiaſts in Poetry
(For Schiſmaticks in that, as in Religion be)
Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream,
Let them deſpiſe her Laws, and think
That Rules and Forms the Spirit ſtint:
Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
Which juſtly might deſerve the Chain,

'Twas

'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage'
Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate Age:
Free, like thy Will, it did all Force diſdain,
But ſuffer'd Reaſon's looſe and eaſie rein,
By that it ſuffer'd to be led,
Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:
Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in moſt, and let at random fly,
Was wiſely govern'd and reclaim'd by thee:
Reſtraint, and Diſcipline was made enudre,
And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at ſome nobler Quarry ſent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not leſſen'd at the greateſt height,
Not turn'd by the moſt giddy flights of dazling Wit.

IV. Na-

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embelliſh'd o'er,
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence bore.
This was the ſtrong Intelligence, whoſe pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions ſteer:
Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which moſt of force to the great Generation brought:
So mingling Elements compoſe our Bodies frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their juſt Proportions ſhare,
Each undiſtinguiſh'd ſtill remains the ſame,
Yet can't we ſay that either's here or there,
But all, we know not how, are ſcatter'd ev'ry where.

V. Sober

V.

Sober and grave was ſtill the Garb thy Muſe put on,
No tawdry careleſs ſlattern Dreſs,
Nor ſtarch'd, and formal with Affectedneſs,
Nor the caſt Mode, and Faſhion of the Court, and Town;
But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
Well fitted, it ſate cloſe in every place,
And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
Rich, coſtly and ſubſtantial was the ſtuff,
Nor barely ſmooth, nor yet too coarſly rough:
No refuſe, ill-patch'd Shreds o'th' Schools,
The motly wear of read, and learned Fools;
No *French* Commodity which now ſo much does take,
And our own better Manufacture ſpoil,
Nor was it ought of forein Soil;
But Staple all, and all of *Engliſh* Growth and Make;

What

What Flow'rs ſoe'er of Art it had, were found
No tinſel ſlight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twiſted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.

Plain Humor, ſhewn with her whole various Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Dreſs,
Nor ſcrew'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
(The gaping Rabbles dull delight,
And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
Such did ſhe enter on thy Stage,
And ſuch was repreſented to the wond'ring Age:
Well waſt thou ſkill'd, and read in human kind,
In every wild fantaſtick Paſſion of his mind,
Didſt into all his hidden Inclinations dive
What each from Nature does receive,
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;

What

What cuſtom too, that mighty Sorcereſs,
Whoſe pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to ſeveral monſtrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakiſh Monky turn,
And that a grave and ſolemn Aſs appear,
And all a thouſand beaſtly ſhapes of Folly wear:
Whate'er Caprice or Whimſie leads awry
Perverted and ſeduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byaſs it
From what's Diſcreet, and Wiſe, and Right, and Good, and Fit;
All in thy faithful Glaſs were ſo expreſs'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breaſt,
As if they had been ſtamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the univerſal vaſt Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didſt thou with the ſame Diſh repeated cloy,
Tho every Diſh, well cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could ſound reliſhing Palats be,

Each

Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
Courted the Taſt, and rais'd the Appetite:
Whate'er freſh dainty Fops in ſeaſon were
To garniſh and ſet out thy Bill of Fare,
(Thoſe never found to fail throughout the year,
For ſeldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
What thy ſtrict Obſervation e'er ſurvey'd,
From the fine luſcious Spark of high and courtly Breed,
Down to the dull, inſipid Cit,
Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII.

Moſt Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And ſerve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them uſeleſs, ſtale, and out of date;
But thine were wiſely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,

For

For all ſucceeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vaſt Audience ſit,
And the whole World be juſtly made thy Stage:
Still they ſhall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in ſpite of all the damning Crew;
Till the laſt Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos'd, and ſhut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beſhrew thoſe envious Tongues, who ſeek to blaſt thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raiſe,
And ſay it only ſhines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy ſelf, to whoſe unbounded ſtore
Exhauſted Nature could vouchſafe no more:
Thou could'ſt alone the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Could'ſt all its Grandeur, and its Port ſuſtain,

Nor needeſt others Subſidies to pay,
Needeſt no Tax on forein, or thy native Country lay,
To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raiſe the ſame,
Thy ſole Revenue all the vaſt Expence defray:
Yet like ſome mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Deſign'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new univerſal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didſt the learned World invade,
Whilſt all around thy pow'rful Genius ſway'd,
Soon vanquiſh'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made ſubmit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'dſt in Triumph with her captive Wit.

X.

Unjuſt, and more ill-natur'd thoſe,
Thy ſpiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happieſt Talent fix a lye,
And call that Slowneſs, which was Care and Induſtry.

Let me (with Pride ſo to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wiſh'd Reproach, and ſhare thy ſhame,
If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultleſs muſt deſerve their Blame:
Judge of thy ſelf alone (for none there were
Could be ſo juſt, or could be ſo ſevere)
Thou thy own Works didſt ſtrictly try
By known and unconteſted Rules of Poetry,
And gav'ſt thy Sentence ſtill impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'ſt each guilty Line,
And ſpar'dſt no criminal Senſe, becauſe 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too ſeldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemiſhes can ſee)
Thou didſt no ſmall'ſt Delinquencies acquit,
But ſaw'ſt them to Correction all ſubmit,
Saw'ſt execution done on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

Some

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title ſhare)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of laſting Worth, and fadeleſs as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Deſign,
Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
And juſtly then proportions every ſtroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review,
And oft he does deface, and daſhes oft anew,
And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarniſh of injurious Time ſecure;
Finiſh'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do
The matchleſs Piece is ſet to publick View,
And all ſurpriz'd about it wond'ring ſtand,
And tho no name be found below,
Yet ſtrait diſcern th' unimitable hand,
And ſtrait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:

So thy brave Soul that ſcorn'd all cheap and eaſie ways,
And trod no common road to Praiſe,
Would not with raſh, and ſpeedy Negligence proceed,
(For who e'er ſaw Perfection grow in haſte?
Or that ſoon done which muſt for ever laſt?)
But gently did advance with wary heed,
And ſhew'd that maſtery is moſt in juſtneſs read:
Nought ever iſſued from thy ſeeming Breaſt,
But what had gone full time, could write exactly beſt,
And ſtand the ſharpeſt Cenſure, and defie the rigid'ſt Teſt.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)
When he the World's fair Poem did of old deſign,
That Work, which now muſt boaſt no longer date than thine;

Tho

Tho 'twas in him alike to will and do,
Tho the ſame Work that ſpoke, could make it too,
Yet would he not ſuch quick and haſty methods uſe,
Nor did an inſtant (which it might) the great effect produce:
But when th' All-wiſe himſelf in Council ſate,
Vouchſaf'd to think and be deliberate,
When Heaven conſider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and Senſe,
Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,
It ſhew'd that ſome uncommon Birth,
That ſomething worthy of a God was coming forth;
Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,
No point amiſs did in the large voluminous Piece appear,
And when the glorious Author all ſurvey'd,
Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
Well-pleas'd he was to find
All anſwer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind:

Pleas'd at himſelf He in high wonder ſtood,
And much his Power, and much his Wiſdom did applaud,
To ſee how all was Perfect, all tranſcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner ſpirits ſtoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on groſs and coarſe Applauſe to live,
And what the dull, and ſenſleſs Rabble give,
Thou didſt it ſtill with noble ſcorn contemn;
Nor would'ſt that wretched Alms receive,
The poor ſubſiſtence of ſome bankrupt, ſordid name:
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The falſe, and fooliſh Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
But 'twas a ſolid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
That ſhone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all ſullying Clouds, and fear'd no darkning night;

Like

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
Who whereſoe'er he does diſplay
His Soveriegn Luſtre, and Majeſtick Ray,
Strait all the leſs, and petty Glories nigh
Vaniſh, and ſhrink away.
O'erwhelm'd, and ſwallow'd by the greater blaze of Day;
With ſuch a ſtrong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever ſhall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
Who only can endure to look on it.
The reſt o'ercame with too much light,
With too much brightneſs dazled, or extinguiſh'd quite:
Reſtleſs, and uncontroul'd it now ſhall paſs
As wide a courſe about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels ceaſe
Begin a new and vaſter Race,
And ſtill tread round the endleſs Circle of Eternity.

The Ninth ODE of
The Third Book of *HORACE*,
IMITATED.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor. WHile you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I ſlighted Crowns,
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the bleſs'd Virgins are above.

III.

Hor. Now *Chloes* charming Voice and Art
Have gain'd the conqueſt of my Heart:

For

For whom, ye Fates, I'd wiſh to die,
If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. Thyrſis by me has done the ſame,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame:
For whom a double Death I'd bear;
Would Fate my deareſt *Thyrſis* ſpare.

V.

Hor. But ſay, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* Chain,
And take you to my Breaſt again?

VI.

Lyd. Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More conſtant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the Stormy Sea.
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

Upon a LADY,

Who by overturning of a Coach, had her Coats behind flung up, and what was under ſhewn to the View of the Company.

Out of *Voiture.*

I.

PHillis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave.
This happy moment dates your Reign;
No force of human Pow'r can ſave
My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:
But when my Conqueſt you deſign'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjuſt, and too ſevere,
Thus to attack me from behind.

II. Againſt

II.

Againſt the Charms your Eyes impart,
With care I had ſecur'd my Heart;
On all the wonders of your Face
Could ſafely, and unwounded gaze:
But now entirely to enthral
My Breaſt, you had expos'd to view
Another more reſiſtleſs Foe,
From which I had no guard at all.

III.

At firſt aſſault conſtrain'd to yield,
My vanquiſh'd heart reſign'd the Field,
My Freedom to the Conqueror
Became a prey that very hour:
The ſubtle Traitor, who unſpied
Had lurk'd till now in cloſe diſguiſe,
Lay all his life in ambuſh hid
At laſt to Kill me by ſurprize.

IV.

A ſudden Heat my Breaſt inſpir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, ſent
From that new dawning Firmament,
Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd;
My Heart, before averſe to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove;
When on the Graſs you did diſplay
Your radiant BUM to my ſurvey,
And ſham'd the Luſtre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n, abaſh'd to ſee
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with diſgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:
His Beams he now thought uſeleſs grown,
That better were by yours ſupply'd,
But having once ſeen your Back-ſide,
For ſhame he durſt not ſhew his own.

VI. For-

VI.

Forſaking every Wood, and Grove,
The *Sylvans* raviſh'd at the ſight,
In preſſing Crowds about you ſtrove,
Gazing, and loſt in wonder quite:
Fond *Zephyr* ſeeing your rich ſtore,
Of Beauty undeſcried before,
Enamor'd of each lovely Grace,
Before his own dear *Flora*'s face,
Could not forbear to kiſs the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Roſe,
In bluſhes did her ſhame diſcloſe:
Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
And ſhrunk for fear into their Beds:
The amorous *Narciſſus* too,
Reclaim'd of fond ſelf-love by you,
His former vain deſire caſhier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII. When

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our ſight,
All others loſe their Luſtre quite:
Your Eyes that ſhoot ſuch pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Face,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the approach of brighter Day,
No more regard, or value bear,
But when its Glories diſappear.

IX.

Of ſome ill Qualities they tell,
Which juſtly give me cauſe to fear;
But that, which moſt begets deſpair,
It has no ſenſe of Love at all:
More hard than Adamant it is,
They ſay, that no Impreſſion takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely ſpeaks.

X.

Yet I muſt lov't, and own my Flame,
Which to the world I thus rehearſe,
Throughout the ſpacious coaſts of Fame
To ſtand recorded in my Verſe:
No other ſubject, or deſign
Henceforth ſhall be my Muſes Theme,
But with juſt Praiſes to proclaim
The faireſt ARSE, that e'er was ſeen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phillis* hide
The dazling Beams of your Back-ſide;
For ſhould they ſhine unclouded long,
All human kind would be undone.
Not the bright Goddeſſes on high,
That reign above the ſtarry Sky,
Should they turn up to open view
All their immortal Tails, can ſhew
An *Arſe-h*—— ſo divine as you.

CATUL-

CATULLUS.

EPIGR. VII.

Imitated.

Quæris quot mihi Baſiationes, &c.

NAY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
How many Kiſſes will ſuffice?
Faith, 'tis a queſtion hard to tell,
Exceeding hard; for you as well
May ask what ſums of Gold ſuffice
The greedy Miſer's boundleſs Wiſh:
Think what drops the Ocean ſtore,
With all the Sands that makes its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:

Or

Or think how many Atoms came
To compoſe this mighty Frame:
Let all theſe the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiſs'd by thee:
Till no malicious Spy can gueſs
To what vaſt height the Scores arise;
Till weak Arithmetick grow ſcant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want:
All theſe will hardly be enough
For me ſtark ſtaring mad with Love.

SOME ELEGIES OUT OF *OVID'S* Amours, IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all ſorts and ſizes.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores, &c.

NOT I, I never vainly durſt pretend,
My Follies and my Frailties to defend:
I own my Faults, if it avail to own,
While like a graceleſs wretch I ſtill go on:

I hate

I hate my ſelf, but yet in ſpite of Fate
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate;
In vain I would ſhake off this load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:
I want the ſtrength my fierce Deſires to ſtem,
Hurried away by the impetuous ſtream.
'Tis not one Face alone ſubdues my Heart,
But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:
And whereſoe'er I caſt my Looks abroad,
In every place I find Temptations ſtrow'd.
The modeſt kills me with her down-caſt Eyes,
And Love his ambuſh lays in that diſguiſe.
The brisk allures me with her gaity,
And ſhews how Active ſhe in Bed will be:
If Coy, like cloyſter'd Virgins, ſhe appears,
She but diſſembles, what ſhe moſt deſires:
If ſhe be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:
Of if untaught, and Ignorant ſhe be,
She takes me then with her ſimplicity:

One likes my Verſes, and commends each Line,
And ſwears that *Cowley*'s are but dull to mine:
Her in mere Gratitude I muſt approve,
For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
Another damns my Poetry, and me,
And plays the Critick moſt judiciouſly:
And ſhe too fires my Heart, and ſhe too charms,
And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
One with her ſoft and wanton Trip does pleaſe,
And prints in every ſtep ſhe ſets, a Grace:
Another walks with ſtiff ungainly tread;
But ſhe may learn more pliantneſs abed,
This ſweetly ſings; her Voice does Love inſpire,
And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the fire:
Who can forbear to kiſs thoſe Lips, whoſe ſound
The raviſh'd Ears does with ſuch ſoftneſs wound?
That ſweetly plays: and while her Fingers move,
While o'er the bounding Strings their touches rove,
My Heart leaps too, and every Pulſe beats Love:

What

What Reaſon is ſo pow'rful to withſtand
The magick force of that reſiſtleſs Hand?
Another dances to a Miracle,
And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful skill:
And ſhe, or elſe, the Devil's in't, muſt charm,
A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm:
If tall; I gueſs what plenteous Game ſhe'll yield,
Where Pleaſure ranges o'er ſo wide a Field:
If low; ſhe's pretty: both alike invite,
The Dwarf and Giant both my wiſhes fit,
Undreſs'd; I think how killing ſhe'd appear,
If arm'd with all Advantages ſhe were:
Richly attir'd; ſhe's the gay bait of Love,
And knows with Art to ſet her Beauties off
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
And I can find attractions in the Brown.
If curling Jet adorn her ſnowy Neck,
The beauteous *Leda* is reported Black:

If curling Gold; *Aurora*'s painted ſo:
All ſorts of Hiſtories my love does know.
I like the young with all her blooming Charms,
And Age it ſelf is welcome to my Arms:
There uncropt Beauty in its flow'r aſſails,
Experience here, and riper ſenſe prevails.
In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
To ſtock this ſpacious and well-furniſh'd Town;
Whatever any ſingle man can find
Agreeable of all the num'rous kind:
At all alike my haggard Love does fly,
And each is Game, and each a Miſs for me.

Book II. Elegy V.

To his Miſtreſs that Jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti eſt: abeas pharetrate Cupido, &c.

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I
So oft for its damn'd ſake muſt wiſh to die!
What can I wiſh for but to die, when you,
Dear faithleſs Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
For thee, falſe Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
Nor ſecret Preſents, which thy Falſhood tell:
Would God! my juſt ſuſpicions wanted cauſe,
That they might prove leſs fatal to my eaſe:
Would God! leſs colour for thy guilt there were,
But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:
Bleſs'd he, who what he loves can juſtifie,
To whom his Miſtreſs can the Fact deny,
And boldly give his Jealouſie the lye.

Cruel the Man, and uncompaſſionate,
And too indulgent to his own Regret,
Who ſeeks to have her guilt too manifeſt,
And with the murd'ring ſecret ſtabs his Reſt.
I ſaw, when little you ſuſpected me,
When ſleep, you thought, gave opportunity,
Your Crimes I ſaw, and theſe unhappy eyes
Of all your hidden ſtealths were Witneſſes:
I ſaw in ſigns your mutual Wiſhes read,
And Nods the meſſage of your hearts convey'd:
I ſaw the conſcious Board, which writ all o'er
With ſcrawls of Wine, Love's myſtick Cypher bore:
Your Glances were not mute, but each bewray'd,
And with your Fingers Dialogues were made:
I underſtood the Language out of hand,
(For what's too hard for Love to underſtand?)
Full well I underſtood for what intent
All this dumb Talk, and ſilent Hints were meant:
And now the Gueſts were from the Table fled,
And all the Company retir'd to bed.

I ſaw

I ſaw you then with wanton Kiſſes greet,
Your Tongues (I ſaw) did in your Kiſſes meet:
Not ſuch as Siſters to their Brothers give,
But Lovers from their Miſtreſſes receive:
Such as the God of War and *Paphian* Queen
Did in the height of their Embraces joyn.
Patience, ye Gods! (cry'd I) what is't I ſee?
Unfaithful! why this Treachery to me?
How dare you let another in my ſight
Invade my native Property, and Right?
He muſt not, ſhall not do't: by Love I ſwear
I'll ſeize the bold uſurping Raviſher:
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates deſign,
That you ſhould be unalienably mine:
Theſe Favours all to me impropriate are:
How comes another then to treſpaſs here?
This, and much more I ſaid, by Rage inſpir'd,
While conſcious ſhame her *Cheeks* with Bluſhes fir'd:
Such lovely ſtains the face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's firſt bluſhes paint the baſhful Morn:

So

So on the Buſh the flaming Roſe does glow,
When mingled with the Lilies neighb'ring Snow:
This, or ſome other Colour, much like theſe,
The ſemblance then of her Complexion was:
And while her Looks that ſweet Diſorder wore
Chance added Beauties undiſclos'd before:
Upon the ground ſhe caſt her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes ſhot fiercer Darts in that Diſguiſe:
Her Face a ſad and mournful Air expreſs'd,
Her Face more lovely ſeem'd in ſadneſs dreſs'd:
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:
Yet I no ſooner had her Face ſurvey'd,
But ſtrait the tempeſt of my Rage was laid:
A look of her did my reſentments charm,
A look of her did all their Force diſarm:
And I, that fierce outrageous thing ere-while,
Grow calm as Infants, when in ſleep they ſmile:
And now a Kiſs am humbly fain to crave,
And beg no worſe than ſhe my Rival gave:

She ſmil'd, and ſtrait a throng of Kiſſes preſt,
The worſt of which, ſhould *Jove* himſelf but taſte,
The brandiſh'd Thunder from his Hand would wreſt:
Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
For fear my envied Rival felt them ſo:
Better they ſeem'd by far than I e'er taught,
And ſhe in them ſhew'd ſomething new methought:
Fond jealous I my ſelf the Pleaſure grutch,
And they diſpleas'd, becauſe they pleas'd too much:
When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
My wounded Thoughts it with ſuſpicion ſtung:
Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,
More reaſon for complaint remain behind:
I grieve not only that ſhe Kiſſes gave,
Tho that affords me cauſe enough to grieve:
Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had.

Book II. Elegy X.

To a Friend, acquainting him, that he is in Love with two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè (memini) Gracine, negabas, &c.

I'VE heard, my Friend, and heard it ſaid by you,
No Man at once could ever well love two:
But I was much deceiv'd upon that ſcore,
For ſingle I at once love one, and more:
Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breaſt,
Both handſom are, both charming, both well-dreſs'd,
And hang me, if I know, which takes me beſt:
This fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this, and this than that does pleaſe:
Toſt, like a Ship, by diff'rent guſts of Love,
Now to this point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why doſt thou double thus my pains?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrants chains?

Why,

Why, Goddeſs, do'ſt thou vainly laviſh more
On one, that was top-full of Love before?
Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
May that ill Curſe my Enemies befal:
May my worſt Foe be damn'd to love of one,
Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone:
Let Loves alarms each night diſturb my Reſt,
And drowſie ſleep never approach my Breaſt,
Or ſtrait-way thence be by new Pleaſure chas'd.
Let Pleaſures in ſucceſſion keep my Senſe
Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:
Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,
Riot in bliſs, and ſurfeit on her Charms:
Let her undo me there without controul,
Drain nature quite, ſuck out my very Soul:
And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
Give me another, clap more Leeches on.
The Gods have made me of the ſporting kind,
And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs deſign'd:

What

What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
In Sinews, and in Vigor is ſupplied:
And ſhould my Strength be wanting to deſire,
Pleaſure would add new Fuel to the Fire:
Oft in ſoft Battels have I ſpent the Night,
Yet roſe next morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Freſh as the Day, and active as the Light,
No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
Bleſs'd he, who in Loves ſervice yields his Breath,
Grant me, ye Gods, ſo ſweet, ſo wiſh'd a death!
In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
To purchaſe dear-bought Honor at the rate:
Let greedy Merchants truſt the faithleſs Main,
And ſhipwrack Life and Soul for ſordid gain:
Dying, let me expire in gaſps of Luſt,
And in a guſh of Joy give up the ghoſt:
And ſome kind pitying Friend ſhall ſay of me,
So did he live, and ſo deſerv'd to die.

A FRAGMENT of PETRONIUS, PARAPHRAS'D.

Fœda eſt in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis paſt,
'Tis all but naſtineſs at beſt;
The homelieſt thing, that Man can do,
Beſides, 'tis ſhort, and fleeting too:
A ſquirt of ſlippery Delight,
That with a moment takes its flight;
A fulſom Bliſs, that ſoon does cloy,
And make us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Paſſion blindly hurried on,

Like

Like Beaſts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Luſt incites them to:
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd:
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And kiſs out long Eternity:
Here we dread no conſcious ſpies,
No bluſhes ſtain our guiltleſs Joys:
Here no Faintneſs dulls Deſires,
And Pleaſure never flags, nor tires:
This has pleas'd, and pleaſes now,
And for Ages will do ſo:
Enjoyment here is never done,
But freſh, and always but begun.

AN

AN ODE OF ANACREON, PARAPHRAS'D.

The CUP.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας, &c.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul,
Vaſt, as my thirſt is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;

I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me;
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup among the Stars:
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;
Next the Sun its greateſt Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be ſo, and give me light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no ſhapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not ſuch rough Exerciſe;
But gentler Sieges, ſofter Wars,
Fights, that cauſe no Wounds, or Scars:

I'll have no Battels on my Plate,
Leſt ſight of them ſhould Brawls create;
Leſt that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it ſelf enough can do.
Draw me no Conſtellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monſtrous fry
Of Animals, which ſtock the sky:
For what are Stars to my Deſign?
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-ſhine,
Out-ſhone by every drop of Wine:
I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,
But would for ever there be toſt;
And wiſh no Haven, ſeek no Coaſt.
Yet, gentle Artiſt, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me ſee)
Draw me firſt a ſpreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,

With kind embraces, ſuch as I
Twiſt about my loving ſhe.
Let its Boughs o'erſpread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:
Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
Draw *Bacchus*, and ſoft *Cupid* by;
Draw them both in toping Shapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluſter'd Grapes:
Make them lean againſt the Cup,
As 'twere to keep the Figures up:
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be ſo too:
The Gods ſhall my examples be,
The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy.

An Alluſion to
MARTIAL.

Book I. Epig. 118.

As oft, Sir *Tradewel*, as we meet,
You'r ſure to ask me in the ſtreet,
When you ſhall ſend your Boy to me,
To fetch my Book of Poetry,
And promiſe you'll but read it o'er,
And faithfully the Loan reſtore:
But let me tell ye as a Friend,
You need not take the pains to ſend:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of *Clarkenwel*:

There in a Garret near the Sky,
Above five pair of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In *Cornhil*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may ſee
The Poſts all clad in Poetry;
There *H*—— lives of high renown,
The notedſt TORY in the Town:
Where, if you pleaſe, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, preſently
From the next Shelf will reach you down
The Piece well bound for half a Crown:
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and me:
Yes doubtleſs for ſuch vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wiſe.

THE DREAM.

Written *March* 10. 1677.

LAte as I on my Bed repoſing lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My ſelf, my Cares, and Love all charm'd to Reſt,
And all the Tumults of my waking Breaſt,
Quiet and calm, as was the ſilent Night,
Whoſe ſtillneſs did to that bleſs'd ſleep invite;
I dreamt, and ſtrait this viſionary Scene
Did with delight my fancy entertain.
I ſaw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from Man's, and Heavens Eye,

Girt with the covert of a ſhady Grove,
Dark as my Thoughts, and ſecret as my Love:
Hard by a Stream did with that ſoftneſs creep,
As 'twere by its own murmurs huſh aſleep;
On its green Bank under a ſpreading Tree,
At once a pleaſant, and ſhelt'ring Canopy,
There I, and there my dear *Coſmelia* ſate,
Nor envied Monarchs in our ſafe Retreat:
So heretofore were the firſt Lovers laid
On the ſame Turf of which themſelves were made.
A while I did her charming Glories view,
Which to their former Conqueſts added new;
A while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
Thro all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
Ten thouſand Kiſſes on her Lips I fix'd,
Which ſhe with interfering Kiſſes mix'd,
Eager as thoſe of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with the Breath.
Love by theſe Freedoms firſt became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See then (ſaid I) *and pity, charming Fair,*
Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliſs ſo near:
You muſt, and you alone theſe ſtorms appeaſe,
And lay thoſe Spirits which your Charms could raiſe;
Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our flame,
Come let's——and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but ſtopt and bluſh'd methought in Dream.

At firſt ſhe did the rude Addreſs diſown,
And check'd my Boldneſs with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and conſenting Eyes
Prov'd the ſoft Traitors to her forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſoon her looks with anger rough ere while,
Sunk in the dimples of a calmer ſmile:
Then with a ſigh into theſe words ſhe broke,
And Printed melted Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke:
Too ſtrong, Philander, *is thy pow'rful Art*
To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart:

Too

Too long I've ſtruggled with my Bliſs in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wiſh'd to gain;
Loath to conſent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and ſhun Felicity:
I cannot, will not yield;——and yet I muſt,
Leſt to my own Deſires I prove unjuſt;
Sweet Raviſher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho I'm diſpleas'd, I ſhall forgive thee too,
Too well thou know'ſt;— and there my hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſaid no more, but bluſh'd and ſmil'd the reſt.
Raviſh'd at the new grant, fierce eager I
Leap'd furious on, and ſeiz'd my trembling Prey;
With guarding Arms ſhe firſt my Force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not ſeem to yield;
Unwilling to o'ercome, ſhe faintly ſtrove,
One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the ſtruglings, and ſo weak
In ſleep we ſeem, and only ſleep to make:

For-

Forbear! (ſhe ſaid) *ah, gentle Youth, forbear*
(And ſtill ſhe hug'd, and claſp'd me ſtill more near)
Ah! will you? will you force my Ruin ſo?
Ah! do not, do not, do not; —— *let me go.*

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verſe,
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearſe:
Not dying Saints enjoy ſuch Extaſies,
When they in Viſion antedate their Bliſs;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are ſo bleſt,
When holy Trances firſt inſpire his Breaſt,
And the God enters there to be a Gueſt.
Let duller Mortals other Pleaſures prize,
Pleaſures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night ſuch ſweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A SATYR TOUCHING NOBILITY.

Out of Monſieur *BOILEAU*.

'TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
Where he, deſcended of an ancient Race,
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
By Virtues Rules guiding his ſteddy Courſe,
Traces the ſteps of his bright Anceſtors.
But yet I can't endure an haughty Aſs,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and ſlothful Eaſe,
Who

Who beſides empty Titles of high Birth,
Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,
Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others ſought,
And boaſt of Honor which himſelf ne'er got:
I grant, the Acts which his Forefathers did
Have furniſh'd matter for old *Hollinſhead*,
For which their Scutcheon, by the *Conqu'ror* grac'd
Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Creſt:
But what does this vain maſs of Glory boot
To be the Branch of ſuch a noble Root,
If he of all the Heroes of his Line
Which in the Regiſter of Story ſhine,
Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have ſpar'd?
If ſprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
He does his own Original diſgrace,
And, ſwoln with ſelfiſh Vanity and Pride,
To greatneſs has no other claim beſide,

But ſquanders life, and ſleeps away his days,
Diſſolv'd in Sloth, and ſteep'd in ſenſual eaſe?
Mean while to ſee how much the Arrogant
Boaſts the falſe Luſtre of his high deſcent,
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than me.
Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
So much above the mean and humble Rout.
Of all the Creatures which do men eſteem?
And which would you your ſelf the nobleſt deem?
Put caſe of Horſe: No doubt, you'll anſwer ſtrait,
The Racer, which has often'ſt won the Plate:
Who full of mettle, and of ſprightly Fire,
Is never diſtanc'd in fleet Career:
Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
And crowds of Vent'rers ſtake upon his Head:
But if the Breed of *Dragon*, often caſt,
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at laſt;
Nothing of Honour, or Reſpect (we ſee)
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But

But maugre all his great Progenitors,
The worthleſs Brute is baniſh'd from the Courſe:
Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag ſome Cart, or bear ſome Carrier's Load.
Then how can you with any ſenſe expect
That I ſhould be ſo ſilly to reſpect
The ghoſt of Honor, periſh'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may paſs,
Caught with mere ſhew, and vain Appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heaven deſign'd,
That's always ſtampt upon a noble mind:
If you from ſuch illuſtrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high Extract proclaim:
Shew us thoſe generous Heats of Gallantry,
Which Ages paſt did in thoſe Worthies ſee;
That zeal for Honor, and that brave diſdain,
Which ſcorn'd to do an Action baſe or mean:
Do you apply your Intereſt aright,
Not to oppreſs the Poor with wrongful Might?

Would

Would you make Conſcience to pervert the Laws,
Tho brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cauſe?
Dare you, when juſtly call'd, expend your Blood
In ſervice for your King's and Countries good?
Can you in open Field in Armour ſleep,
And there meet danger in the ghaſtlieſt ſhape?

By ſuch illuſtrious Marks as theſe, I find,
You're truly iſſued of a noble kind:
Then fetch your Line from *Albanact*, or *Knute*,
Or, if theſe are too freſh, from older *Brute*:
At leiſure ſearch all Hiſtory to find
Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:
Take *Cæſar*, *Alexander*, which you pleaſe,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race:
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or ſhould have been your Pedigree.

But, if you could with eaſe derive your Kin
From *Hercules* himſelf in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;

All

All theſe great Anceſtors, which you diſgrace,
Againſt you are a cloud of Witneſſes:
And all the Luſtre of their tarniſh'd Fame
Serves but to light and manifeſt your Shame:
In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
And boaſt that Blood, which you your ſelves debaſe.
In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
The Spoils and Plunder of another's Fame;
If, where I look'd for ſomething Great, and Brave,
I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave;
A freakiſh Madman, fit to be confin'd,
Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind:
Or (to ſpeak all at once) a barren Limb,
And rotten branch of an illuſtrious Stem.
But I am too ſevere, perhaps you'll think,
And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink:
We ſpeak to men of Birth, and Honor here,
And thoſe nice Subjects muſt be touch'd with care:

Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?
You anſwer: For at leaſt a thouſand year,
And ſome odd hundreds you can mak't appear:
'Tis much: But yet in ſhort the proofs are clear:
All Books with your Fore-Fathers Titles ſhine,
Whoſe names have ſcap'd the general wreck of Time:
But who is there ſo bold that dares engage
His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age
No one of all his Anceſtors deceas'd
Had e'er the fate to find a Bride unchaſt?
That they have all along *Lucretia*'s been,
And nothing e'er of ſpurious Blood crept in,
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?
Curs'd be the day, when firſt this vanity
Did primitive ſimplicity deſtroy,
In the bleſs'd ſtate of infant time, unknown,
When Glory ſprung from Innocence alone:

Each from his merit only Title drew,
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too:
Then, ſcorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
The Hero from himſelf deriv'd his Fame:
But merit by degenerate time at laſt,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her ſelf debas'd:
And haughty Pride falſe pompous Titles feign'd,
T' amuſe the World, and Lord it o'er mankind:
Thence the vaſt Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name:
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning and Armory deviſe,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,
Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Baſe*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Feſs*,
And whatſo'er of hideous Jargon elſe
Mad *Guilliam*, and his barbarous Volume fills.
Then farther the wild Folly to purſue,
Plain down-right Honor out of faſhion grew:

But to keep up its Dignity and Birth,
Expence and Luxury muſt ſet it forth:
It muſt inhabit ſtately Palaces,
Diſtinguiſh Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vaſt Retinues up and down,
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.
Thus Honor to ſupport it ſelf is brought
To its laſt ſhifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying nought:
'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honeſt Man, and keep his Word;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection ſafe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave:
While daily Crowds of ſtarving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors:
Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the Banker's hands:
Then to redreſs his wants, the bankrupt Peer
To ſome rich trading Sot turns Penſioner:

And the next News, you're ſure to hear that he
Is nobly wed into the Company:
Where for a portion of ill-gotten Gold,
Himſelf and all his Anceſtors are ſold:
And thus repairs his broken Family
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Eſtate to ſet it forth,
In vain you boaſt the ſplendor of your Birth:
Your priz'd Gentility for madneſs goes,
And each your Kindred ſhuns and diſavows:
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the ſtreet,
Tho he, nor one of his e'er mention'd were,
But in the Pariſh-Book, or Regiſter.

D——lé by help of Chronicle ſhall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A SATYR.

Addreſs'd to a Friend *that is about to leave the Univerſity, and come abroad in the World.*

IF you're ſo out of love with Happineſs,
To quit a College life, and learned eaſe;
Convince me firſt, and ſome good Reaſons give,
What methods and deſigns you'll take to live:
For ſuch Reſolves are needful in the Caſe,
Before you tread the worlds myſterious Maze:
Without the Premiſſes in vain you'll try
To live by Syſtems of Philoſophy:
Your *Ariſtotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Euclid* too in little ſtead will ſtand.
How many men of choice, and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Deſigning high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good ſucceſs to find,
With vaſt and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd to Town,
But to their coſt ſoon found themſelves undone,
Now

Now to repent, and ſtarve at leiſure left,
Of Miſeries laſt Comfort, Hope, bereft?
Theſe fail'd for want of good Advice, you cry,
Becauſe at firſt they fix'd on no employ:
Well then, let's draw the Proſpect, and the Scene,
To all advantage poſſibly we can:
The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What courſe your Judgment counſels you to ſteer:
Always conſider'd, that your whole Eſtate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:
Were you the Son of ſome rich Uſurer,
That ſtarv'd, and damn'd himſelf to make his Heir,
Left nought to do, but to interr the Sot,
And ſpend with eaſe what he with pains had got;
'Twere eaſie to adviſe how you might live,
Nor would there need inſtruction then to give:
But you, that boaſt of no Inheritance,
Save that ſmall ſtock, which lies within your Brains,
Learning muſt be your Trade, and therefore weigh
With heed, how you your Game the beſt may play;

Bethink your ſelf a while, and then propoſe
What way of Life is fitt'ſt for you to chooſe.
If you for Orders, and a Gown deſign,
Conſider only this, dear Friend of mine,
The Church is grown ſo overſtock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet
More Porters now than Parſons in the ſtreet.
At every Corner they are forc'd to ply
For Jobs of hawkering Divinity:
And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to ſtrowl, and wander unpreferr'd.
If this, or thoughts of ſuch a weighty Charge
Make you reſolve to keep your ſelf at large,
For want of better opportunity,
A School muſt your next Sanctuary be:
Go, wed ſome Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,
And there beat *Greek* and *Latin* for your life:
With birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater than *Busby*'s ſelf, or Dr. *Gill*:
But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
Where there ſo ſmall encouragement is found?

Where

Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains?
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:
A Dancing-Maſter ſhall be better paid,
Tho he inſtructs the Heels, and you the Head:
To ſuch Indulgence are kind Parents grown,
That nought coſts leſs in breeding than a Son:
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow:
And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.
Some think themſelves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in ſome noble Family:
Diet, an Horſe, and thirty pounds a year,
Beſides th' advantage of his Lordſhips ear,
The credit of the buſineſs, and the State,
Are things that in a Youngſter's Senſe ſound great.
Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What ſlavery he oft muſt undergo:

VVho

VVho tho in Silken Scarf, and Caſſock dreſt,
VVears but a gayer Livery at beſt:
VVhen Dinner calls, the Implement muſt wait,
VVith holy words to conſecrate the Meat:
But hold it for a Favour ſeldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honor to ſit down,
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw!
Thoſe Dainties are not for a ſpiritual Maw:
Obſerve your diſtance, and be ſure to ſtand
Hard by the Ciſtern with your Cap in hand:
There for diverſion you may pick your Teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
For meer Board-wages ſuch their Freedom ſell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vaſſals to a Bell:
And if th' enjoyment of one day be ſtole,
They are but Pris'ners out upon Parole:
Always the marks of ſlavery remain,
And they, tho looſe, ſtill drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Proſpect after all,
A Chaplainſhip ſerv'd up, and ſeven years Thrall?

The

The menial things perhaps for a Reward
Is to ſome ſlender Benefice preferr'd,
With this Proviſo bound, that he muſt wed
My Lady's antiquated Waiting-Maid,
In Dreſſing only skill'd, and Marmalade.

Let others who ſuch meanneſſes can brook,
Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look:
Let thoſe that have a mind, turn ſlaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate:
I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Raiment truck my Liberty.
But, if I muſt to my laſt ſhifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm ty'd up, I'll chuſe to beg:
I'll rather chuſe to ſtarve at large, than be
The gawdieſt Vaſſal to Dependency.

'Thas ever been the top of my Deſires,
The utmoſt height of which my wiſh aſpires,
That Heav'n would bleſs me with a ſmall Eſtate,
Where I might find a cloſe obſcure retreat;

There,

There, free from Noiſe, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends.
Lord of my ſelf, accountable to none,
But to my Conſcience, and my God alone:
There live unthought of, and unheard of die,
And grudg Mankind my very memory.
But ſince the Bleſſing is (I find) too great
For me to wiſh for, or expect of Fate:
Yet, maugre all the ſpight of Deſtiny,
My Thoughts, and Actions are, and ſhall be free.
A certain Author, very grave and ſage,
This Story tells: no matter what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e'er break of day,
The Wolf and Dog encounter'd on the way:
Famiſh'd the one, meager and lean of plight,
As a caſt Poet, who for Bread does write:
The other fat and plump, as Prebend was,
Pamper'd with Luxury and holy Eaſe.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to tell,
Of being glad to ſee each other well:

How now, Sir Towzer? (ſaid the Wolf) *I pray,*
Whence comes it, that you look ſo ſleek and gay?
While I, who do as well (*I am ſure*) *deſerve,*
For want of likelihood am like to ſtarve?
Troth Sir (reply'd the Dog) *'thas been my Fate,*
I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late
On a kind Maſter, to whoſe care I owe
All this good Fleſh, wherewith you ſee me now:
From his rich Voider every day I'm fed
With Bones of Fowls, and Cruſts of fineſt Bread:
With Frigaſee, Ragouſt, *and whatſoe'er*
Of coſtly Kickſhaws now in faſhion are:
And more variety of Boil'd and Roaſt,
Than a Lord Mayor's *Waiter e'er could boaſt.*
Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
How I'm reſpected, and belov'd by all:
I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
Not darling Shock *more Favourite than I:*
I never ſleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:

There

There on freſh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.
Beſides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
To generous Sports of Youth I am inſpir'd,
All the proud ſhees are ſoft to my Embrace
From Bitch of Quality down to Turn-ſpit Race:
Each day I try new Miſtreſſes and Loves,
Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.
Thus happy I of all enjoy the beſt,
No mortal Cur on Earth yet half ſo bleſs'd:
And farther to enhance the Happineſs,
All this I get by idleneſs, and eaſe.
Troth! (ſaid the Wolf) *I envy your Eſtate*
Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
That I might happily admitted be
A Member of your bleſs'd Society!
I would with Faithfulneſs diſcharge my place
In any thing that I might ſerve his Grace:
But, think you, Sir, it would be feaſible,
And that my Application might prevail?

Do

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
I make no queſtion but to bring't about:
Only rely on me, and reſt ſecure,
I'll ſerve you to the utmoſt of my Pow'r;
As I'm a Dog of Honor, Sir:——but this
I only take the Freedom to adviſe,
That you'd a little lay your Roughneſs by,
And learn to practiſe Complaiſance, like me.
For that let me alone: I'll have a care,
And top my part, I warrant, to a hair:
There's not a Courtier of them all ſhall vie
For fawning, and for ſubtileneſs with me.

And thus reſolv'd at laſt, the Travellers
Towards the Houſe together ſhape their courſe:
The Dog, who breeding well did underſtand,
In walking gives his Gueſt the upper hand:
And as they walk along, they all the while
With Mirth, and pleaſant Raillery beguile
The tedious Time, and Way, till day drew near,
And Light came on; by which did ſoon appear
The Maſtiff's Neck to view all worn and bare.

This

This when his Comrade ſpy'd, *What means* (laid he)

This Circle bare, which round your Neck I ſee?
If I may be ſo bold;——Sir, you muſt know,
That I at firſt was rough, and fierce, like you;
Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and elſe, who ever came in ſight:
For this I was tied up, and underwent
The Whip ſometimes, and ſuch light Chaſtiſement:
Till I at length by Diſcipline grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am:
'Twas by this ſhort, and ſlight ſeverity,
I gain'd theſe Marks and Badges, which you ſee:
But what are they? Allons Monſieur! *let's go.*
Not one ſtep farther: Sir, excuſe me now.
Much joy t'ye of your envy'd, bleſs'd Eſtate:
I will not buy preferment at that rate:
A Gods name, take your golden Chains for me:
Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free:
Sir Dog, your humble Servant, ſo God b'w'y.

SOME

Some VERSES

Written in *Septemb.* 1676.

Preſenting a Book to *COSMELIA.*

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchleſs Saint,
Of whom thou only waſt a Copy meant:
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;
That living Syſtem, where are fully writ
All thoſe high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Eaſie, as in ſoft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Braſs they graven were,
Nor is her Talent lazily to know
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does tranſlate:

Not her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than that obeys ſtrict Virtues dictates ſtill:
Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But ſhe is good, becauſe ſhe will be ſo:
Her Virtue ſcorns at a low pitch to flie,
'Tis all free Choice, nought of Neceſſity:
By ſuch ſoft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.
The ſcatter'd Glories of her happy Sex
In her bright Soul as in their Center mix:
And all that they poſſeſs but by Retail,
She hers by juſt Monopoly can call;
Whoſe ſole Example does more Virtues ſhew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew.
No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,
Which for th' atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any ear,
But what a Saint at her laſt gaſp might hear:
Scarcely her Thoughts have ever ſullied been
With the leaſt print, or ſtain of native Sin:

Devout

Devout ſhe is, as holy Hermits are,
Who ſhare their time 'twixt Extaſie, and Prayer:
Modeſt, as infant Roſes in their Bloom,
Who in a Bluſh their fragrant Lives conſume:
So chaſt, the Dead themſelves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power;
So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
'Twould chuſe to have no other Form, but Her:
So much a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
Such the Seraphick Brightneſs of her mind,
I hardly can believe her Womankind:
But think ſome nobler Being does appear,
Which to inſtruct the World, has left the Sphere.
And condeſcends to wear a Body here.
Or, if ſhe mortal be, and meant to ſhow
The greater Art by being form'd below;
Sure Heaven preſerv'd her by the Fall uncurſt,
To tell how good the Sex was made at firſt.

THE PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
Had made it laſting, as ſhe made it great;
But 'twas the Plot of unkind Deſtiny,
To lift me to, then ſnatch me from my Joy:
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them juſt in view,
And then in ſpight the cleanſing Scene withdrew:
So *He* of old the *promis'd Land* ſurvey'd,
Which he might only ſee, but never tread:
So Heav'n was by that damned *Caitiff* ſeen,
He ſaw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
He ſaw't to be more wretched, and deſpair agen:
Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,
Aſſur'd of endleſs Miſeries below,

Their

Their Bodies more unwillingly deſert,
Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.
As ſome young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Reſigns to every faithleſs Wave and Wind;
If the kind Miſtreſs of his Vows appear,
And come to bleſs his Voyage with a Prayer,
Such ſighs he vents as may the Gale increaſe,
Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raiſe:
And when at length the launching Veſſel flies,
And ſevers firſt his Lips, and then his Eyes;
Long he looks back to ſee what he adores,
And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.
Such juſt concerns I at your Parting had,
With ſuch ſad Eyes your turning Face ſurvey'd:
Reviewing, they purſu'd you out of ſight,
Then ſought to trace you by left Tracks of Light:
And when they could not Looks to you convey,
Tow'rds the lov'd Place they took delight to ſtray,
And aim'd uncertain Glances ſtill that way.

Complaining of

ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) waſted are
(A Year in any Lover's Kalendar)
Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
To all my Joy and Happineſs in you:
And ſtill by the ſame Hindrance am detain'd,
Which me at firſt from your lov'd Sight conſtrain'd:
Oft I reſolve to meet my Bliſs, and then
My Tether ſtops, and pulls me back agen:
So, when our raiſed Thoughts to Heav'n aſpire,
Earth ſtifles them, and choaks the good deſire.
Curſe on that Man, who Bus'neſs firſt deſign'd,
And by't enthrall'd a free-born Lover's mind!

A curſe

A curſe on Fate, who thus ſubjected me,
And made me ſlave to any thing but thee!
Lovers ſhould be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:
So free thoſe happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all Concerns but thoſe of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares and Troubles of dull Life muſt know;
Muſt toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vaſſal be,
Thou now ſhalt make, and rule my Deſtiny:
Hence troubleſome Fatigues! all Bus'neſs hence!
This very hour my Freedom ſhall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectful Abſence ſin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it ſelf ſhall hinder me,
Henceforth from ſeeing, and enjoying thee.

Promiſing a

VISIT.

SOoner may Art, and eaſier far divide
The ſoft embracing waters of the Tide,
Which with united Friendſhip ſtill rejoyn,
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from thine:
Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
In which it marches with unalter'd courſe,
Or ſever this from the ſucceeding Day,
Than from thy happy Preſence force my ſtay.
Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)
With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
Nor Flames with ſurer inſtinct upwards go,
Than mine, and all their motives tend to you.

Fly

Fly ſwift, ye minutes, and contract the ſpace
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there I'll bid you kindly ſtay,
I'll bid you reſt, and never glide away.
Thither when Bus'neſs gives me a Releaſe
To loſe my Cares in ſoft and gentle Eaſe,
I'll come, and all arrears of Kindneſs pay,
And live o'er my whole Abſence in one day.
Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move
With quicker haſt to meet their Bliſs above;
Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to ſeize my Happineſs, will go.
Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder ſtand,
And threaten Vengeance with his brandiſh'd hand,
To ſtop the entrance to my Paradiſe;
I'll venture, and his ſlighted Bolts deſpiſe.
Swift as the wings of Fear, ſhall be my Love,
And me to her with equal ſpeed remove:
Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave ſlow Thought behind.

THE

THE
Careleſs Good-Fellow.

Written *March* 9. 1680.

SONG.

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother and ſtir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions, and Fears,
Let them ſcuffle and jar, till they go by the ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II.

What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their eaſe
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs?

At

At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to ſwing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King;
A Friend and a Bottle is all my deſign;
He has no room for Treaſon, that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let them ſit or Prorogue, as his Majeſty pleaſe:
Let them damn us to Wollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging, when dead, ſo alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curſe them for making my Claret ſo dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the trifles of State;
We've a good King already: and he deſerves laughter
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come after:

Come,

Come, here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollanders* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and Monſieur *D' Avaux?*
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Caſel* be ſold,
If the Conquaror take it by Storming, or Gold?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aſpires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and Treat,
To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-houſe Chat:
He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than He.

VII. Come

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:
No, I ſwear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuſe me for that.
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter.
This is the Profeſſion that never will alter.

A SATYR.

The Perſon of Spencer *is brought in, Diſſuading the Author from the Study of* Poetry, *and ſhewing how little it is eſteem'd and encourag'd in this preſent Age.*

ONE night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapleſs Fate,
Curſing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
In came a ghaſtly Shape, all pale and thin,
As ſome poor Sinner, who by Prieſt had been
Under a long Lent's Penance, ſtarv'd and whip'd,
Or parboil'd Lecher, late from Hot-houſe crept:

Famiſh'd

Famiſh'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes ſunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin,
A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
A Book, inſcrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.
By this I knew him, roſe, and bow'd, and ſaid,
Hail reverend Ghoſt! all hail! moſt ſacred Shade!
Why this great Viſit? why vouchſaf'd to me,
The meaneſt of thy Britiſh Progeny?
Com'ſt thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muſe,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuſe;
If ſo; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Miniſtry of Wit:
Let me (I beg) thy great Inſtructions claim,
Teach me to tread the glorious paths of Fame.
Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
How, like thy ſelf, I may immortal grow.
Thus did I ſpeak, and ſpoke it in a ſtrain,
Above my common rate, and uſual vein;
As if inſpir'd by preſence of the Bard,
Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,

In

In ſtile of Satyr, ſuch wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubberd* told.
I come, fond Ideot, ere it be too late,
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate:
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
To ſhun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
Had I the choice of Fleſh and Blood again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,
A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
Haſt thou obſerv'd ſome Hawker of the Town,
Who thro the ſtreets with diſmal Scream and Tone,
Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shooes and Boots,
Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes?
So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Regiſter tell, who:
Rather that poor unheard-of Wretch I'd be,
Than the moſt glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boaſted Immortality:

Rather

Rather than He, who ſung on *Phrygia*'s Shore,
The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
Or he of *Thebes*, whom Fame ſo much extols
For praiſing Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.
So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
'Tis ſcandal to be of the Company:
The foul Diſeaſe is ſo prevailing grown,
So much the Faſhion of the Court and Town,
That ſcarce a man well-bred in either's deem'd:
But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has rhim'd:
The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
And on each Paper ſquirts his filthy ſenſe:
A leaſh of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon,
Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:
Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verſe each year
Deſcribes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,
Whoſe Works muſt ſerve the next Election-day
For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,

Yet counts himſelf of the inſpired Train,
And dares in thought the ſacred Name profane.
But is it nought (thou'lt ſay) *in Front to ſtand,*
With Lawrel crown'd by White, *or* Loggan's *hand?*
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro the wond'ring Town,
By all the Rabble paſſing up and down?
So *Oats* and *Bedloe* have been pointed at,
And every buſie Coxcomb of the State:
The meaneſt Felons who thro *Holborn* go,
More eyes and looks than twenty Poets draw:
If this be all, go, have thy poſted Name
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
To be the ſtop of gaping Prentices,
And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piſs;
Or elſe to lie expos'd on trading Stall,
While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazzets to tell,
'Mongſt Spaniels loſt, that Author does not ſell.
Perhaps, fond Fool, thou ſooth'ſt thy ſelf in dream,
With hopes of purchaſing a laſting Name?

Thou

Thou think'ſt perhaps thy Trifles ſhall remain,
Like ſacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*?
But who of all the bold Adventurers,
Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verſe
Can be enſur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
Where there ſo many loſt and ſhipwrack'd be?
How many Poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy Fore-fathers had in great eſteem,
Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
And ſold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,
Have grown contemptible, and ſlighted ſince,
As *Pordage*, *Fleckno*, or the *Britiſh Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Haywood*, *Withers* had Applauſe,
And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs and Wares
And curſt by all their broken Stationers:
And ſo may'ſt thou perchance paſs up and down,
And pleaſe a while th'admiring Court and Town,
Who after ſhalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
To mould with *Silveſter*, and *Shirley* there,
And truck for pots of Ale next *Stourbridg*-Fair,

Then who'll not laugh to ſee th' immortal Name
To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?
And all thy deathleſs Monuments of Wit,
Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-Kite?
But, grant thy Poetry ſhould find ſucceſs,
And (which is rare) the ſqueamiſh Criticks pleaſe;
Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
By this nice Age, and all Poſterity;
If thou expecteſt ought but empty Fame;
Condemn thy Hopes, and Labors to the Flame:
The rich have now learn'd only to admire,
He, who to greater Favours does aſpire,
Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
Would'ſt thou to raiſe thine, & thy Countries Fame,
Chuſe ſome old *Engliſh* Hero for thy Theme,
Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward*'s greater Son,
Or our fifth *Harry*, matchleſs in Renown;
Make *Agincourt*, and *Creſſy* Fields outvie
The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
What *Scipio*, what *Mæcenas* would'ſt thou find,
What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?

Bleſs

Bleſs me! how great his Genius! how each Line
Is big with Senſe! how glorious a Deſign
Does thro the whole, and each proportion ſhine!
How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inſpir'd!
Pity, ſuch wondrous Thoughts are not preſerr'd:
Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
Should he ſtarve there, and rot; who if a Brief
Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
To the whole Tribe would ſcarce a Teſter give.
But fifty Guinneas for a Whore and Clap!
The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous cheap;
A Poet would be dear, and out o'th' way,
Should he expect above a Coach man's pay:
For this will any dedicate, and lye,
And dawb the gawdy Aſs with Flattery?
For this will any proſtitute his Senſe
To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains?
Yet ſuch is the hard Fate of Writers now,
They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to bow:

Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glaſs,
By which ſhe every morning primes her Face:
Sneak to his Honor, call him Witty, Brave,
And Juſt, tho a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
And praiſe his Lineage, and Nobility,
Whoſe Arms at firſt came from the Company.
'Tis ſo, 'twas ever ſo, ſince heretofore
The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
Was fain to ſing for Bread from door to door:
The needy Muſes all turn'd Gipſies then,
And of the begging Trade e'er ſince have been:
Should mighty *Sappho* in theſe days revive,
And hope upon her ſtock of Wit to live;
She muſt to *Creſwel*'s trudg to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
By Wit and Senſe did ever Lord Mayors grow?
My own hard Uſage here I need not preſs,
Where you have every day before your face
Plety of freſh reſembling Inſtances:

Great

Great *Cowley*'s Muſe the ſame ill Treatment had,
Whoſe Verſe ſhall live for ever to upbraid
Th' ungrateful World, that left ſuch Worth unpaid.

Waller himſelf may thank Inheritance
For what he elſe had never got by Senſe.
On *Butler* who can think without juſt Rage,
The Glory and the Scandal of the Age?
Fair ſtood his hopes, when firſt he came to Town,
Met every where with welcome of Renown,
Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promiſes of Princely Favour fed:
But what Reward for all had he at laſt,
After a Life in dull expectance paſs'd?
The Wretch at ſumming up his miſ-ſpent days
Found nothing left, but Poverty and Praiſe:
Of all his Gains by Verſe he could not ſave
Enough to purchaſe Flannel, and a Grave:
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell ſick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:

And well might bleſs the Fever that was ſent,
To rid him hence, and his worſe Fate prevent.
You've ſeen what fortune other Poets ſhare;
View next the Factors of the Theatre:
That conſtant Mart, which all the year does hold,
Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and ſold;
Here trading Scriblers for their Maintenance,
And Livelihood truſt to a Lott'ry-chance:
But who his Parts would in the Service ſpend,
Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
Has the Prerogative to cry him down?
Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
Nor care ſhould an ill judging Audience damn:
But *Settle*, and the Reſt, that write for Pence,
Whoſe whole Eſtate's an ounce, or two of Brains,
Should a thin Houſe on the third day appear,
Muſt ſtarve, or live in Tatters all the year.
And what can we expect that's brave and great,
From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
Who the ſucceſs of the next Play muſt wait

For

For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whoſe chief care
Is how to ſpung for the next Meal, and where?
Hadſt thou of old in flouriſhing *Athens* liv'd,
When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did ſway,
And Poets by the State were held in pay;
'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muſe,
And daily wonders then it might produce;
But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
That's only thought the Nuiſance of the Age?
Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
And toil to bring in thankleſs Ideots means:
Turn o'er dull *Horace*, and the Claſſick Fools,
To poach for Senſe, and hunt for idle Rules:
Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houſes,
To make ſome tawdry Act'reſs there by Prize,
And ſpend thy third Days gains 'twixt her clap'd Thighs.
All Trades, and all Profeſſions here abound,
And yet Encouragement for all is found:

Here

Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
Who every where helps to increaſe the Bills,
Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beſide,
For what leſs Villains muſt to *Tyburn* ride.
There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown
By thriving Knavery, can call his own
A dozen Mannors, and if Fate ſtill bleſs,
Expects as many Counties to poſſeſs.
Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Penſions gain,
And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:
Laviſh expence on Wit, has never yet
Been tax'd amongſt the Grievances of State.
The *Turky*, *Guinny*, *India* Gainers be,
And all but the Poetick Company:
Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,
Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,
And *France*, that ſends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
Vaſt profit all, and large Returns bring in:
Parnaſſus only is that barren Coaſt,
Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's loſt.

Then

Then be advis'd, the ſlighted Muſe forſake,
And *Cook* and *Dalton* for thy ſtudy take:
For Fees each Term ſweat in the crowded Hall,
And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:
VVhere *M*——*d* thrives, and pockets more each year
Than forty Laureats at the Theater.
Or elſe to Orders, and the Church betake
Thy ſelf, and that thy future Refuge make:
There fawn on ſome proud Patron to engage
Th' Advowſon of each Punk, and Parſonage:
Or ſooth the Court, and preach up Kingly Right,
To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.
In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canoniſt,
Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Prieſt,
Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:
Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg, Cheat, or Thieve;
Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.

But

But why do I in vain my Counſel ſpend
On one whom there's ſo little hope to mend?
Where I perhaps as fruitleſly exhort,
As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;
Not enter'd Punks from Luſt they once have try'd,
Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
Nor ſeer'd unfeeling Sinners paſt Deſpair,
Are half ſo hard, and ſtubborn to reduce,
As a poor Wretch, when once poſſeſs'd with Muſe.

If therefore, what I've ſaid, cannot avail,
Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
But ſpight of all thou wilt be obſtinate,
And run thy ſelf upon avoidleſs Fate;
May'ſt thou go on unpitied, till thou be
Brought to the Pariſh, Bridg, and Beggary:
Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers, thou
Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
And write Heroick Verſe for *Barthol'mew*.

Then ſlighted by the very Nurſery,
May'ſt thou at laſt be forc'd to ſtarve, like me.

A

A SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of *JUVENAL.*

Written in *May*, 1682.

The Poet brings in a Friend of his, giving him an account why he removes from London *to live in the Country.*

THO much concern'd to leave my dear old Friend,
I muſt however his Deſign commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuſe my Reſidence, as he;

The

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
I would prefer to *Fleetſtreet*, or the *Strand*.
What place ſo deſart, and ſo wild is there,
Whoſe Inconveniences one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
The falls of Houſes, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noiſe of Wits,
And thouſand other Plagues, which up and down
Each day and hour infeſt the curſed Town?

As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile-end*, the place ſo fam'd of late,
In Proſe and Verſe for the great *Factions Treat*;
Here we ſtood ſtill, and after Complements
Of courſe, and wiſhing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what ſudden cauſes made him flie
The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
When, on the hated Proſpect looking back,
Thus with juſt rage the good old *Timon* ſpake.

Since Virtue here in no repute is had
Since Worth is ſcorn'd, Learning and Senſe unpaid,
And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
Finding my ſlender Fortune every day
Dwindle, and waſt inſenſibly away,
I, like a loſing Gameſter, thus retreat,
To manage wiſelier my laſt ſtake of Fate:
While I have ſtrength, and want no ſtaff to prop
My tott'ring Limbs, e'er Age has made me ſtoop
Beneath its weight, e'er all my Thread be ſpun,
And Life has yet in ſtore ſome Sand to run,
'Tis my Reſolve to quit the nauſeous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuſe his dwelling there,
Rich with the Spoils of ſome young ſpend-thrift Heir:
Let the Plot-mongers ſtay behind, whoſe Art
Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert:
Who ever has an Houſe to Build, or Set,
His Wife, his Conſcience, or his Oath to let:

Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Cuſtom-houſe's Place:
Let ſharping Courtiers ſtay, who there are great
By putting the falſe Dice on King, and State.
Where they, who once were *Grooms*, and *Foot-boys* known,
Are now to fair Eſtates, and Honors grown;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantaſtick Greatneſs, ſince they're ſuch,
Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
Is pleas'd to raiſe from Kennels, and the Jakes,
To Wealth and Dignity above the reſt,
When ſhe is frolick, and diſpos'd to jeſt.
I live in *London*? What ſhould I do there?
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forſwear:
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho a Lord were the Author) dully writ:
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
And caſt Nativities for longing Heirs,

When Fathers ſhall drop off: no *Gadbury*
To tell the minute, when the King ſhall die,
And you know what--come in: nor can I ſteer,
And tack about my Conſcience, whenſoe'er,
To a new Point I ſee Religion veer.
Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
I'll draw no City Cuckold's Curſe on me:
Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,
And rais'd to be chief Miniſter of State.
Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
Of one, that is an uſeleſs member grown.
Beſides, who has pretence to Favour now,
But he, who hidden Villany does know,
Whoſe Breaſt does with ſome burning Secret glow?
By none thou ſhalt preferr'd, or valu'd be,
That truſts thee with an honeſt Secreſie:
He only may to great Mens Friendſhip reach,
Who Great Men, when he pleaſes, can impeach.

Let others thus aſpire to Dignity;
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will coſt,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage loſt.
What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forego my Quiet, and my eaſe of my mind,
Still fear'd, at laſt betray'd by my great Friend.
Another Cauſe, which I muſt boldly own,
And not the leaſt, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-ſhore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:
What Spark of true old *Engliſh* rage can bear
Thoſe, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it here?
We've all our Faſhions, Language, Complements,
Our Muſick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence;
And we ſhall have their Pois'ning too ere long,
If ſtill in the improvement we go on.
What would'ſt thou ſay, great *Harry*, ſhould'ſt thou view
Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *Engliſh* now,

Their

Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Eſſences,
Their *Chedreux* Peruques, and thoſe Vanities,
Which thou, and they of old did ſo deſpiſe?
What would'ſt thou ſay to ſee th' infected Town
With the foul Spawn of Foreigners o'er-run?
Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
The Spue and Vomit of their Goals at home;
To Court they flock, and to S. *James* his Square,
And wriggle into great Mens Service there:
Foot-boys at firſt, till they, from wiping Shooes,
Grow by degrees the Maſter of the Houſe:
Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
Able with eaſe to put down either *H*——
Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:
Softer than flattering Court-Paraſite,
Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat;
No Calling or Profeſſion comes amiſs:
A needy *Monſieur* can be what he pleaſe,

Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:
Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and bring,
Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:
Or, if you pleaſe, fly o'er the Pyramid,
Which J——*n* and the reſt in vain have try'd.

Can I have patience, and endure to ſee
The paltry Forein Wretch take place of me,
Whom the ſame Wind and Veſſel brought aſhore,
That brought prohibited Goods and Dildoes o'er?
Then, pray, what mighty Privilege is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *Engliſh* Air?
And where's the Benefit to have my Veins
Run *Britiſh* Blood, if there's no difference
'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing ſhocks, and is more loath'd by me,
Than the vile Raſcal's fulſom Flattery:
By help of this falſe Magnifying Glaſs,
A Louſe or Flea ſhall for a Camel paſs:

Produce

Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
Than thoſe ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are;
He'll make him ſtrait a *Beau Garçon* appear:
Commend his Voice and Singing, tho he bray
Worſe than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play:
And if he Rhime; ſhall praiſe for Standard Wit,
More ſcurvy ſenſe than *Pryn*, and *Vickars* writ.

And here's the miſchief, tho we ſay the ſame,
He is believ'd, and we are thought to ſham:
Do you but ſmile, immediately the Beaſt
Laughs out aloud, tho he ne'er heard the jeſt:
Pretend you're ſad, he's preſently in Tears,
Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
Sorrow in Metaphor: but ſpeak of Heat;
O God! how ſultry 'tis! he'll cry, and ſweat
In depth of VVinter: ſtrait, if you complain
Of Cold; the VVeather-glaſs is ſunk again:
Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and ſwear,
'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here.

Thus he ſhifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day
Can change his Face, than Actors at a Play:
There's nought ſo mean, can 'ſcape the flatt'ring Sot,
Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder-Spot:
If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth; he'll cry,
How every thing becomes you! let me die,
Your Lordſhip does it moſt judiciouſly:
And ſwear, 'tis faſhionable, if he Sneeze,
Extremely taking, and it needs muſt pleaſe.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can eſcape,
Scarce thou thy ſelf, or Son avoid a Rape:
All muſt go pad-lock'd: if nought elſe there be,
Suſpect thy very Stables Chaſtity.
By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
Thus Families in awe they ſtrive to keep.

What

What living for an *Engliſh* Man is there,
Where ſuch as theſe get head, and domineer,
Whoſe uſe and cuſtom 'tis, never to ſhare
A Friend, but love to reign without diſpute,
Without a Rival, full and abſolute?
Soon as the Inſect gets his *Honor's* ear,
And fly-blows ſome of's pois'nous malice there,
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, diſcarded,
And all my former Service diſ-regard.

But leaving theſe *Meſſieurs*, for fear that I
Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers Mutiny*,
From the loath'd ſubject let us haſten on,
To mention other Grievances in Town:
And further, what Reſpect at all is had
Of poor men here? and how's their Service paid,
Tho they be ne'r ſo diligent to wait,
To ſneak, and dance attendance on the Great?
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
By one, that ſues, and brings an empty hand:

And all his merit is but made a ſport,
Unleſs he glut ſome Cormorant at Court.
'Tis now a common thing, and uſual here,
To ſee the Son of ſome rich Uſurer
Take place of Nobles, keep his firſt-rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting Bout or two give more
Than a Guard Captains Pay: mean while the Breed
Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty and Need,
Are fain to trudg to the *Bank-ſide*, and there
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb-Ware.
There ſpend that Blood, which their great Anceſtor
So nobly ſhed at *Creſſy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights in ſome foul Common-ſhore.
Produce an Evidence, tho juſt he be,
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature ſhipwrack'd was,
Thought worth the ſaving, of all human Race;

Or

Or *t'other*, who the flaming Deluge ſcap'd,
When *Sodom*'s Lechers Angels would have rap'd;
How rich he is, muſt the firſt queſtion be,
Next for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth in Mony and Eſtate,
Whether for Sheriff he has been known to fine,
And with how many Diſhes he does dine?
For look what Caſh a perſon has in ſtore,
Juſt ſo much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thouſand Bibles Swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalendar,
To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;
The poor ſlight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they think)
And Heav'n it ſelf does at ſuch Trifles wink.
Beſides, what ſtore of gibing ſcoffs are thrown
On one that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel ſeem but overworn,
His Stockings, out at heel, or Breeches torn?

One

One takes occaſion his ript Shooe to flout,
And ſwears 'thas been at Priſon-grates hung out:
Another ſhrewdly jeers his coarſe Crevat,
Becauſe himſelf wears *Point*: a third his Hat,
And moſt unmercifully ſhews his Wit,
If it be old, and does not cock aright:
Nothing in Poverty ſo ill is born,
As its expoſing men to grinning ſcorn,
To be by tawdry Coxcombs piſs'd upon,
And made the jeſting-ſtock of each Buffoon.
Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pew*
Is not for ſuch mean ſcoundrel Curs, as you:
'Tis for your Betters kept: Belike, ſome Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is rais'd to an Eſtate, and Pride,
By having the kind Proverb on his ſide:
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,
And *Daſh* the Scriv'ners gawdy ſparkiſh Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:
Mean while you in the Alley ſtand, and ſneak:

And

And you therewith muſt reſt contented, ſince
Almighty Wealth does put ſuch difference.
What Citizen a Son-in-Law will take,
Bred ne'er ſo well, that can't a Joynter make?
What man of ſenſe, that's poor, e'er ſummon'd is
Amongſt the Common-Council to adviſe?
At Veſtry-Conſults when does he appear,
For chooſing of ſome Pariſh-Officer,
Or making Leather Buckets for the Choir?

'Tis hard for any man to riſe, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A ſorry Lodging, coarſe, and ſlender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:
Yet ſuch as theſe an earthen Diſh diſdain,
With which their Anceſtors, in *Edgar*'s Reign,
Were ſerv'd, and thought it no diſgrace to dine,
Tho they were rich, had ſtore of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they deſpiſe
A man that walks the ſtreets in homely Frize:

To

To ſpeak the truth, great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will ſcarce vouchſafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to ſave,
Some few perhaps wear Woollen in the Grave.
Here all go daily dreſt, altho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The moſt in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,
For which the Tradeſmen's Books are ſtill unpaid:
This fault is common in the meaner ſort,
That they muſt needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.
Sir, to be ſhort, in this expenſive Town
There's nothing without Mony to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to ſpeech of ſome Court-Miniſter?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The ſquint and nodding go-by of his *Grace*?
His Porter, Groom, and Steward muſt have Fees,
And you may ſee the *Tombs*, and *Tow'r* for leſs:

Hard

Hard Fate of Suitors! who muſt pay, and pray
To Livery-ſlaves, yet oft go ſcorn'd away.
Who e'er at *Barnet*, or S. *Albans* fears,
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unleſs a ſudden Hurricane befal,
Or ſuch a Wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build ſlight, what ſcarce out-laſts the Leaſe
Without the help of Props, and Buttreſſes:
And Houſes now adays as much require
To be enſur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
There Buildings are ſubſtantial, tho leſs neat,
And kept with care both Wind and Water-tight:
There you in ſafe ſecurity are bleſt,
And nought, but Conſcience, to diſturb your Reſt.
I am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my ſleep at night:
I ſcarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But ſtrait I'm rous'd by the next Houſe on Fire:
Pale, and half dead with Fear, my ſelf I raiſe,
And find my Room all over in a blaze;

By this 'thas ſeiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now diſcern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Miſchief from the Cellar came,
Be ſure the Garret is the laſt takes flame.

The moveables of *P——ge* were a Bed
For him, and's Wife, a Piſs-pot by its ſide,
A Looking-glaſs upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb-caſe, Candleſtick, and Pewter-ſpoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid ſerv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger prey'd.
P—— had nothing, all the World does know;
And yet ſhould he have loſt his Nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have ſupply'd
With Lodging, Houſe-room, or a Curſt of Bread.

But if the Fire burn down ſome Great Man's Houſe,
All ſtrait are intereſſed in the loſs:
The Court is ſtrait in Mourning ſure enough,
The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off:
Then we miſchances of the Town lament,
And Faſts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.
Out comes a Brief immediately, with ſpeed
To gather Charity as far as *Tweed.*
Nay, while, 'tis burning, ſome will ſend him in
Timber and Stone to build his Houſe agen:
Others choice Furniture: here ſome rare piece
Of *Rubens,* or *Vandike* preſented is:
There a rich Suit of *Moreclack*-Tapeſtry,
A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery:
One gives a fine Scrutore, or Cabinet,
Another a huge mighty Diſh of Plate,
Or Bag of Gold: thus he at length gets more
By kind misfortune than he had before,

And all ſuſpect it for a laid Deſign,
As if he did himſelf the Fire begin.
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be drawn:
An handſom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Eſſex*, at a cheaper Rent
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half year
To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:
A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
Engin, or Pains to Crane its Waters up:
Water is there thro Natures Pipes convey'd,
For which no Cuſtom, or Exciſe is paid:
Had I the ſmalleſt Spot of Ground, which ſcarce
Would Summer half a dozen Graſhoppers,
Not larger than my Grave, tho hence remote,
Far as S. *Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,
Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.
Here want of Reſt a nights more People kills
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:

Where none have privilege to ſleep, but thoſe,
Whoſe Purſes can compound for their Repoſe:
In vain I go to Bed, or cloſe my eyes,
Methinks the place the middle Region is,
Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder riſe:
The reſtleſs Bells ſuch Din in Steeples keep,
That ſcarce the Dead can in their Church-yards ſleep:
Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight Rhimes,
The noiſe of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams,
Beſides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they meet,
And ſtop in turnings of a narrow Street,
Such a loud medley of confuſion make,
As drowſie *A — r* on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'neſs ne'er ſo great,
Ten thouſand ſtops you muſt expect to meet:
Thick crowds in every place you muſt charge thro,
And ſtorm your Paſſage, whereſoe'er you go:
While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
And, preſſing on your heels, ſhove you along:

One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your Side;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in ſport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with Dirt.
Here you the March of a ſlow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with ſolemn State:
There a Sedan, and Lacquies ſtop your way,
That bears ſome Punk of Honor to the Play:
Now you ſome mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruin to the Street:
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pauls*,
It ſelf almoſt a Rock, on Carriage rowls:
Which, if it fall, would cauſe a Maſſacre,
And ſerve at once to murder, and inter.

If what I've ſaid can't from the Town affright,
Conſider other dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: you have cauſe to bleſs
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piſs:

So

So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his ſide:
And he can hardly now diſcreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, ere he go out.
If this you 'ſcape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowrers of the Street,
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Conſtables ſubdu'd; and Brothels ſtorm'd:
Theſe, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be miſt,
Are ill at eaſe a nights, and want their Reſt.
For miſchief is a Lechery to ſome,
And ſerves to make them ſleep like *Laudanum*.
Yet heated, as they are, with Youth and Wine,
If they diſcern a train of Flamboes ſhine,
If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
And a ſtrong Guard of Foot-boys in the rere,
The Raſcals ſneak, and ſhrink their Heads for fear.
Poor me, who uſe no Light to walk about,
Save what the Pariſh, or the Skies hang out,

They value not: 'tis worth your while to hear
The ſcuffle, if that be a ſcuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
He bids me ſtand: of force I muſt give way,
For 'twere a ſenſleſs thing to diſobey,
And ſtruggle here, where I'd as good oppoſe
My ſelf to *P*—— and his Maſtiffs looſe.
Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the Throat,
Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, elſe my Foot
Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come,
From what bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home?
Saving your reverend Pimpſhip, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?
If you ſay any thing, or hold your peace,
And ſilently go off; 'tis all a caſe:
Still he lays on: nay well, if you ſcape ſo:
Perhaps he'll clap an Action on you too
Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his turn, ſhall do him right,

And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
Worn out, beſides the pains in kicking you.
A Poor Man muſt expect nought of redreſs,
But Patience: his beſt in ſuch a caſe
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
That they would mercifully ſpare one Leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meet next day.

Nor is this all, which you have cauſe to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:
When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are cloſe,
And the rich Tradeſman in his Counting-houſe
To view the Profit of the day withdraws.
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
To ſeek their Prize, and Booty nearer home:
Your Purſe! they cry; 'tis madneſs to reſiſt,
Or ſtrive, with a cock'd Piſtol at your Breaſt:
And theſe each day ſo ſtrong and numerous grow,
The Town can ſcarce afford them Jail-room now.

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,
Ere *London* knew so much of Villany:
Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content:
A less, and single Prison then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me hence,
To which I might add more, would Time dispense,
To hold you longer; but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go:
Therefore, dear Sir, farewel; and when the Town
From better Company can spare you down,
To make the Country with your Presence blest,
Then visit your old Friend amongst the rest:
There I'll find leisure to unlade my mind
Of what Remarks I now must leave behind:
The Fruits of dear Experience, which with these
Improv'd will serve for hints, and notices;
And when you write again, may be of use
To furnish Satyr for your daring Muse.

A

DITHYRAMBICK.

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in *Aug.* 1677.

Οὐκ ἔστι Διθύραμβος ἂν ὕδωρ πίῃ.

I.

YES, you are mighty wiſe, I warrant, mighty wiſe!
With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouſe me of my dear and pleaſant Vice.
Hence holy Sham! in vain's your fruitleſs Toil:
Go, and ſome unexperienc'd Fop beguile,
To ſome raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenneſs and Wine.
I've try'd, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:

It is reſolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute loſe, not I,
To hear your troubleſome Divinity:
Fill me a top-full Glaſs, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confuſion to the next that ſpoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigor ſent:
I feel it warm at once my Head and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.
Let the vile Slaves of Bus'neſs toil, and ſtrive,
Who want the Leiſure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey ſhorter make,
And reap thoſe Joys which they lack ſenſe to take.
Thus live the Gods (if ought above our ſelves there be)
They live ſo happy, unconcern'd, and free:
Like us they ſit, and with a careleſs Brow
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:

Like

Like us they ſpend their Age in gentle Eaſe,
Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n, alas!
If ſober, and compell'd to want that Happineſs.

III.

Aſſiſt almighty Wine, for thou alone haſt Power,
And other I'll invoke no more,
Aſſiſt, while with juſt Praiſe I thee adore;
Aided by thee, I dare their worth rehearſe,
In Flights above the common pitch of groveling Verſe.
Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'nly Fire,
Which doſt our dull half-kindled maſs inſpire.
We nothing gallant, and above our ſelves produce,
Till thou do'ſt finiſh Man, and Reinfuſe.
Thou art the only ſource of all the world calls great,
Thou didſt the *Poets* firſt, and they the Gods create:
To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe,
Thou muſt half ſhare with Art, and Nature too.

They

They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;
Thou giv'ſt their Verſe and them Eternity.
Great *Alexander*, that big'ſt Word of Fame,
That fills her Throat, and almoſt rends the ſame,
Whoſe Valour found the World too ſtrait a Stage
For his wide Victories and boundleſs Rage,
Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,
He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
And drunk as well as fought for univerſal Monarchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret!* how it ſtays?
Were it again to paſs the Seas;
'Twould ſooner be in Cargo here,
'Tis now a long *Eaſt-India* Voyage, half a year.
'Sdeath! here's a minute loſt, an Age, I mean,
Slipt by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.
For pity ſuffer not the precious Juice to die,
Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
Like it, our Life with ſtanding and Sobriety is pall'd,
And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.

Puſh

Push on the Glass, let it measure out each hour,
For every Sand an Health let's pour:
Swift as the rowling Orbs above,
And let it too as regularly move:
Swift as Heav'ns drunken red-fac'd Traveller, the Sun,
And never rest, till his last Race be done,
Till time it self be all run out, and we,
Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apiece,
A Health to all that love and honor Vice.
Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.
(A God he was, I'm sure, or should have been)
The second Father of Mankind I meant,
He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,
When for their Crimes our sinful Race was drown'd,
The only bold and vent'rous man was found,
Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice the World replant.

The

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of bleſſed Memory,
Who ſcap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,
And ſtock'd the Globe afreſh with a brave drinking Progeny.

In vain would ſpightful Nature us reclaim,
Who to ſmall Drink our *Iſle* thought fit to damn,
And ſet us out o'th' reach of Wine,
In hope ſtrait Bounds could our vaſt Thirſt confine,
He taught us firſt with Ships the Seas to roam,
Taught us from Forein Lands to fetch ſupply.
Rare Art! that makes all the wide VVorld our Home,
Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reaſon! tumble down!
This Glaſs ſhall all thy proud uſurping Powers drown,
And VVit on thy caſt Ruins ſhall erect her Throne:
Adieu, thou fond Diſturber of our Life!
That check'ſt our Joys, with all our Pleaſure art at ſtrife:

Ive

I've ſomething brisker now to govern me,
A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boaſted Pedantry.
Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
That guides th' unerring Deities:
They no baſe Reaſon to their Actions bring,
But move by ſome more high, more heavenly thing,
And are without Deliberation wiſe:
Ev'n ſuch is this, at leaſt 'tis much the ſame,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a name,
Call ye this madneſs? damn that ſober Fool,
('Twas ſure ſome dull Philoſopher, ſome reas'ning Tool)
Who the reproachful Term did firſt deviſe,
And brought a ſcandal on the beſt of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and ſtagger, and are mad, like me.

VII. Oh,

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,
Let the vaſt Ocean be our mighty Cup;
We'll drink't, and all its Fiſhes too like Loaches up.
Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we'll pay
The Fraight, and Cuſtom too defray:
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store
Is emptied, let them ſtrait diſpatch, and Sail for more:
'Tis gone: and now have at the *Rhine*,
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:
The *Empire*'s Forces with the *Spaniſh* we'll combine,
We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.
'Ware *France* the next: this Round *Bordeaux* ſhall ſwallow,
Champagn, *Langon*, and *Burgundy* ſhall follow.
Quick let's foreſtal *Lorain*;
We'll ſtarve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
And without Treaty put an end to the Campaign.

Go,

Go, ſet the Univerſe a tilt, turn the Globe up,
Squeeze out the laſt, the ſlow unwilling Drop:
A pox of empty Nature! ſince the World's drawn dry,
'Tis time we quit mortality,
'Tis time we now give out, and die,
Leſt we are plagu'd with Dulneſs and Sobriety.
Beſet with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,
A Troop of ſtagg'ring Ghoſts down to the Shades below:
Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,
Natures convenient dark Retiring Room;
And there, from Noiſe remov'd, and all tumultuous ſtrife,
Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of Life.

[*Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls aſleep.*

FINIS.

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